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## BANKS AND LIBERTY.

THE war in America is sometimes called "holy" by Northerners on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other. We have been assured, over and over again, that, whatever it may be in appearance, it is, in fact, a war against slavery; and this constant cry, from men who are ordinarily acute and farseeing, has often confused the voice of common-sense speaking in less prophetic minds. And if this raging conflict has for its ending the liberation of the slave and his

elevation to the rights of citizenship, then, indeed, we might look upon it with some complacency; but the *other* view is that the Americans are buying, not freedom for negroes, but tyranny for themselves, by their most monstrous bloodshedding.

At present these opposite views remain undetermined. A little while since, indeed, President Lincoln's emancipation ukase gave conviction to the Abolition party; but then the ukase turned out to be of no effect and no meaning, and we

were once more left to choose between facts and protestations, the aspects of the present and prophecies of the future.

But again new material for opinion is afforded us. General Banks, the urbane ruler who succeeded Butler at New Orleans, has issued an order which formally reimposes slavery upon the black man, and at the same time abolishes the liberty of every white one within the area of his authority.

When this remarkable effort in the sacred cause of humanity was first made known in England it failed to receive all the



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE INFANT PRINCE.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT HASTINGS.)



credence which is its due. The telegraph speaks curtly; and the report of General Banks's order, condensed into half a dozen lines, was too astounding for belief. But there is no deception—the decree lies before us at length, quite Napoleonic in its twenty-five paragraphs marked off in Roman numerals; and no mere epitome can do full justice to its provisions. Let us see, however, what we make of it. The negroes in Louisiana were freed and were idle. General Banks, proceeding upon Mr. Carlyle's principles in dealing with Quashee, declares "labour a public duty and idleness and vagrancy a crime," and thereupon he enacts that the nigger shall be made to work, whether he likes it or not. "Indolence, disorder, and crime shall be suppressed." "Labourers shall render to their employers, between daylight and dark, ten hours in summer and nine hours in winter, of respectful, honest, faithful labour, and receive therefore, in addition to just treatment, healthy rations, comfortable clothing, quarters, fuel, medical attendance, and instruction for children," certain wage, varying from three to eight dollars per month. But "indolence and disobedience of orders" are to be punished by the Provost Marshal, or the stubborn, lazy negro may be turned out to labour on the public works without pay. No negro is to be allowed to drink whisky or other intoxicating drinks. He must not pass from one place to another without permission of the Provost Marshal: while, as to the "unity of the family," that will be secured "as far as possible."

This, then, is all the freedom which the Federals can tolerate in a nigger after full experiment and observation. Of course, we shall be told to count the advantages which General Banks's order confers on the black man as compared with the miseries of his lot under the Southern planter. He must not be flogged; he is to receive money wage; he may hire himself to anybody who chooses to bargain with him—for not less than a year; his children are to be educated. All this is very well: but the Louisianian negro must be enslaved again before liberty to choose his employer or immunity from the whip can be granted as privileges. General Banks may be more humane than Mr. Legree, but they are equally guilty of perpetuating the system of slavery. The General prefers the word "labourer" to that of "slave," we observe; but what is he who is not allowed to move from place to place without special permission?—whose family may be scattered to suit the notions of a Provost Marshal!—who must on no account transport himself, or be transported, to other countries?—who is forbidden to sell "clothing or other property" without authority?—who is compelled to work so many hours a day?—whose indolence is to be punished as criminal, and whose industry is to be paid at rates decided upon by General Banks? This man is a slave, "serf," perhaps, is the term which the admirers of Federal philanthropy will use; but, at any rate, they will scarcely venture to cry "emancipation."

The General, having thus regulated the slavery of the negro, proceeds to deal with the liberty of men who must be "mean whites," indeed, if they submit to such handling. Of course Banks is a philosopher; all these young Napoleons are philosophers; and, having declared that "every enlightened community has enforced" the public duty of labour "upon all classes of people by the severest of penalties" (we must admit that, at first sight, this statement struck us as an astounding example of ignorance or impudence), he proceeds to show that the planter is bound to become a serf, too, in return for the "majestic and wise clemency" which gives him back his bondsman. "The liberal and just conditions that attend it," says the fabulous Banks, "cannot be disregarded. It protects labour by enforcing the performance of its duty, and it will protect capital by compelling just contributions to the demands of Government! . . . The non-cultivation of the soil without just reason" (that is to say, without reasons satisfactory to a General who means to punish indolence as a crime) will be followed by "temporary forfeiture to those who will secure its improvement!" We wonder, now, whether the impossibility of working a plantation at a profit by negroes who, "in addition to healthy rations, comfortable clothing, quarters, fuel, medical attendance, and instruction for children," must be paid eight dollars a month if first-class hands, and three dollars if the most worthless—we wonder, we say, whether that would be regarded as a "just reason"? Evidently not; for this scale of wages has been settled by the General himself.

However, let us pass on to other—the political—duties of the planter as defined by Bird-of-Freedom Banks.

"It is a solemn duty resting upon all persons to assist in the earliest possible restoration of civil government." Good!

"Opinion is free, and candidates are numerous." Good again!

"Open hostility cannot be permitted." But, General—!

"Indifference will be treated as crime, and faction as treason. Men who refuse to defend their country with the ballot-box or the cartridge-box have no just claim to the benefits of liberty as regulated by law."

Here the admirable "logic" of our French friends is carried to such daring lengths that we doubt, after all, whether even our Transatlantic young Napoleon would venture on it; whether the whole proclamation is not a hoax—a satire. The agility which hops from "opinion is free" to "open hostility cannot be permitted," and then with a jump to "indifference will be treated as crime," is almost incredible. There it is, however; and the admirers of the Federal Government have now another token of its wisdom, its benignity, its strength, and its daring. It appears that Louisiana is to be readmitted into the Union, and to send representatives to Washington, as soon as one

tenth of its people so decide by their votes; and to secure this farcical result, General Banks threatens to send every man into exile who does not vote as he wishes. "Whoever is indifferent or hostile must choose between that liberty which foreign lands afford, the poverty of the rebel States, and the innumerable and inappreciable blessings which our Government confers upon its people!"

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

Rumours of Ministerial changes are rife in Paris, the impression being that M. Thouvenel will shortly replace M. Drouyn de Lhuys as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and that "more energetic action" in the politics of Europe will be the consequence. M. Pietri, formerly prefect of police and a devoted adherent of the Emperor, died on the 28th ult.

The French journals are of opinion that the project for a conference on the dispute between Germany and Denmark will prove a failure.

### SPAIN.

There has been another change of Ministry in Spain. Symptoms of dissatisfaction in the Cortes with the late Cabinet having manifested themselves, the Queen intrusted M. Mon and the Marquis of Novaliches with the formation of a Ministry, the members of which they have chosen from among members on both the Liberal and Conservative sides of the Chamber.

### HUNGARY.

The condition of Hungary is represented as one of terrible distress at present. A correspondent of a Paris paper complains bitterly of apathy and indifference on the part of the Austrian Government. But he forgets that Austria is busy at present in looking after the rights of the King of Denmark's subjects.

### CHINA AND JAPAN.

The dismissal by the Chinese Government of Mr. Lay, and the inactive position of General Gordon, are the principal events referred to in the news from China. The Chinese Government have arrived at the conclusion that they can govern their own country, and have resolved on dispensing with the interference of foreigners.

At Japan all was quiet. The Government had resumed amicable relations with foreigners, which they are not likely to disturb so long as (but, perhaps, no longer than) a strong British fleet remains in the Japanese waters.

### THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

THE events now occurring in Schleswig-Holstein have for a time removed the public attention from Poland; but the Poles themselves seem to be possessed by one fixed idea, and will continue to fight, however seemingly hopeless may be their cause. In spite of the repeated assertions of the Russian authorities, as quoted in the Russian newspapers, the insurrection is far from being "crushed out."

The truth is that the spirit of the patriots is altogether indomitable. They say that the insurrection, which began without one regularly organised band, has now lasted a whole year, and the Russian troops are more damaged than the insurgents. The worst of the winter is over, and no Pole doubts that the movement will be stronger than ever in a few weeks. Such is the report from those who certainly should know; and they add that it is curious to compare this account of the unprepared rising of 1863 with the well-considered and organised insurrection of 1830. The former began without plan, men, or means, and seems even yet likely to weary out Russia—indeed, such signs of weariness and exhaustion have been already detected. The latter commenced with 30,000 drilled troops, on Nov. 29, 1830, and, although it numbered 70,000 men in arms in the following September, and although the Russians had then no citadel at Warsaw, or, indeed, scarcely any strong place in Poland, it was crushed on the 8th of that month.

Very recently we had the intelligence that fresh bands, small but determined, continued to cross the Galician frontier to join Bossak's division, and the news was quickly followed by accounts of several engagements between these insurgents and large bodies of Russian troops who were continually defeated. One of the last and most important engagements was that fought near Czenstochow, after which several waggons filled with dead and wounded Russian soldiers were carried into the town. Two strong insurgent detachments were subsequently encamped in winter quarters in the same district, in the neighbourhood of Zdzierzew.

The result of all this is that in Cracow placards have been posted up proclaiming Galicia to be in a state of siege, while both in the province and in Cracow itself the laws for the protection of personal liberty and inviolability of domicile have been suspended. The reasons assigned for this measure were the existence of treasonable societies within the Austrian frontier and the enlistments made for, and assistance given to, the Polish insurrection. An ordinance issued by the Governor ordered all persons not entitled to wear arms to deliver them, together with all ammunition, to the public authorities, within a fortnight under penalty of fine or imprisonment. All persons not belonging to the city were ordered to obtain permission for their stay from the police within forty-eight hours. Posen, the Prussian portion of old Poland, is also about to be declared in a state of siege.

Our Engraving represents a recent engagement between the Russians and a band of insurgents under the command of Zambrowski, who had taken up a position at some distance from the new town of Novogrodek. The Polish force was composed only of cavalry and peasants armed with scythes, and after a long and obstinate engagement the patriots were completely victorious even against vastly superior numbers. They also captured a gun which had created fearful havoc in their ranks during the action. The battle took place just on the outskirts of a forest at the lower end of the town, where a mosque had been erected for the convenience of the religious observances of the Tartars. This engagement is illustrative of all those combats which have lately been fought. The Poles are generally successful, but the end is always the same. Little as the despotism of Russia can trample out the patriotic spirit, it can weary out the combatants by pouring fresh legions upon the country. Greater severities are being enacted at Warsaw every day, Cracow is in a state of siege, and the attention of the Russian forces is at present directed to the frontier of Galicia.

### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WE have intelligence from New York to the 19th ult. Numerous movements of the contending forces are reported, among which the most important are those under General Sherman, who had occupied Jackson, Mississippi, the Confederates retreating before him. An early attack on Mobile was talked of, and a formidable raid into Pennsylvania is anticipated to open the Confederate spring campaign. An attack on San Francisco by the Confederates was also feared; and it was reported that General Johnston was preparing to attack Chattanooga. Longstreet is said to hold the Tennessee Railway leading to Strawberry Plains.

General Gilmore returned to Port Royal from Jacksonville on the 16th ult. The operations of the Florida expedition had been successful, but unimportant.

The House of Representatives had passed a resolution favouring an amendment to the Constitution by abolishing slavery.

General Banks, in an order dated the 3rd ult., had re-established a system of compulsory negro labour in Louisiana, under specified conditions. He also declared that in the approaching State elections all persons in his department must vote for the Union candidates; that indifference will be treated as crime, and opposition as treason.

President Davis had issued a proclamation acknowledging and praising the patriotism of the Southern troops for their prompt

re-enlistment, without other inducement than the defence of their country, which he contrasts with the behaviour of the Northern mercenaries. He concludes:—"Soldiers!—Assured success awaits us in our holy struggle for liberty and independence, and for the preservation of all that renders life desirable to honourable men. When that success shall be reached, to you—your country's hope and pride—it will, under Divine Providence, be due."

President Davis had approved the recent enactments of the Confederate Congress prohibiting the import of foreign luxuries, or the export of cotton, tobacco, and other staples, except through Government channels.

### THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

The military position in Denmark remains unaltered. Preparations are being made to open an attack upon Düppel, but there appears to be considerable difficulty in getting heavy guns to the front in consequence of the bad state of the roads. Meanwhile, the Danes are making every effort to strengthen and improve their position, and have about 6000 men constantly at work on the defences of Düppel. A skirmish between a squadron of Danish dragoons and two squadrons of the German hussars took place near Fredericia last Monday. The affair was not serious, but the Danes are reported to have taken twenty-eight prisoners. It is rumoured that General de Meza, who was lately deprived of the Danish chief command, is seeking to be intrusted with the defence of Düppel and the Island of Alsén, and it is thought that there is a possibility of his desire being gratified. It seems to be the general opinion that, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, Düppel can hold out for several weeks.

The allies still continue to hold Kolding, in Jutland, which they are taking measures to render defensible, and appear to regard with profound and serene indifference the general astonishment and anger which their occupation of this Jutland town has occasioned. Kolding, with a population of 20,000 souls, is situated at about three miles from the frontier of Schleswig, on the road to Fredericia. The town is defended by well-constructed fieldworks; but the Danes, feeling the impossibility of seriously resisting on that point the efforts of the allied army, evacuated it in order to concentrate themselves on Fredericia, where they have considerable means of defence. Like Düppel, Fredericia possesses the great advantage of being in direct communication with the sea, by means of the fleet, and of thus being able, without difficulty, to receive supplies of provisions and military stores. The town is surrounded by a bastioned wall. In front, at a distance of from half a mile to a mile, are seven large redoubts and a strong fort erected on a rising ground. The fort can contain from thirty to thirty-five guns, and is united to the town by a covered way. The place may accommodate a garrison of from 20,000 to 25,000 men, and thus support with advantage the chances of a regular siege. It is easy to conceive the importance of the strategical position occupied by the allied army at Kolding, which is only about seven miles from Fredericia by a good road. This occupation is a perpetual threat to the Danes. The allied army, thus placed between Düppel and Fredericia, the most important refuge of the Danes on the mainland, may await events, and, in case of need, remove their means of attack from one point to the other.

An Austrian gun-boat has captured a Danish merchantman in the Mediterranean, and has left the prize at the island of Cephalonia.

A deputation, stated to come "from all parts of Schleswig," presented an address to Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, at Kiel, on the 26th. The address set forth that the people of Schleswig would accept no one but the Prince as their Duke. Of course Prince Frederick declared that he would never surrender his rights.

The Austro-Prussian Commissioners in Schleswig have established the law by which persons seeking to be admitted to a position in the Church or the civil service must prove that they are qualified by at least two years' studentship in the University of Kiel. The abolition of this essential of qualification was one of the great grievances complained of by the Schleswig-Holstein party.

Meanwhile, great doubts appear to arise as to the probability of the proposed conference ever taking place. The Paris papers publish telegrams from Copenhagen which affirm that the Danish Government would have nothing to do with it unless on the hopeless condition of the Austrians and Prussians evacuating Schleswig. The two Houses of the Danish Rigsdag (the Parliament of Denmark Proper) have just presented an address to King Christian demanding that the union with Schleswig shall not be dissolved and that the war shall be energetically prosecuted to the last. The King, in his reply, pledged himself to hold out to the utmost of his power, and to admit of no abolition of the political connection between Denmark and Schleswig.

The Emperor of Austria, too, has been replying to an address. A deputation from Schleswig waited on him the other day, and the Emperor delivered a speech in which he talked somewhat equivocally of the great things which are to be done for the Germans in the duchy. They are to have no merely passing alleviation of their sufferings, it seems, but full satisfaction of their just claims. Yet the Emperor adds that Providence has imposed upon him certain duties which he cannot allow to be overruled by desires that threaten the general peace. The meaning of this we take to be that the Emperor of Austria is determined to humiliate and punish Denmark, but has no particular intention of emancipating the German Schleswigers from the rule which they so strongly detest.

As our readers know, the position of the federal execution corps has been one of forced inaction since the Austro-Prussians took the lead in the invasion of Danish territory, and the only duties now devolving upon the troops of Saxony, Hanover, and the minor States, are those of garrisoning Kiel, Rendsburg, and other places in Holstein. Here they amuse themselves with parades and reviews—a very innocent but inglorious species of occupation for soldiers while fighting has been going on, and more is in prospect, in their immediate neighbourhood. One such review is depicted in our Engraving on page 148. The Austrian and Prussian Governments, however, have just addressed a circular to the Federal Diet, in which they strongly urge that, for military reasons, the command of the federal troops in Holstein should be transferred to the Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces in Schleswig, and that Austria and Prussia should be authorised to appoint each a civil commissioner to co-operate with the officials of the Diet in Holstein. If the two great Powers obtain supreme military command and divided civil rule in Holstein, the Federal Diet—or rather the minor German Powers—need scarcely trouble themselves any further about the great Schleswig-Holstein question. It will be settled without them.

### THE DANO-GERMAN PAPERS.

THREE divisions of the papers relating to the dispute between Germany and Denmark have been presented to Parliament. The papers are arranged in chronological order, the first two portions having reference to the occurrences of 1848-1852, and the disputes which have since occurred, and the third part dealing more directly with the existing state of affairs. The latter is therefore the most interesting of the series.

The dates are from Sept. 30 to Dec. 16, 1863, and the despatches are most voluminous, extending to 386 pages, and including 450 documents. The correspondence includes many valuable documents in the dispute, including the Duke of Augustenburg's renunciation of the succession, the Fundamental Law of Nov. 18, 1863, &c.

The despatches relating to the mission of Lord Wodehouse appear at the close of the series, but only come down to the date of his Lordship's arrival in Copenhagen. They chiefly describe, therefore, his Lordship's reception at Berlin. The mission appears to have been suggested by Russia on the 26th of November (Earl Russell to Lord Bloomfield, No. 292), the suggestion being that all the five Powers should send Envoys to congratulate the King of Denmark on his accession, and urge him "to make such modifications in the fundamental law as might enable all the five Powers to co-operate in maintaining the integrity of Denmark." In a despatch dated the



9th of December, Earl Russell, after describing the points at issue, thus instructs Lord Wodehouse:—

It is not my purpose either to point out how these engagements have been observed or to affirm that any of them have been violated. It will be for the Ministers of Austria and Prussia to make their complaints on this head. It is the desire of her Majesty's Government to see these questions submitted to a calm examination by the non-German Powers. You will accordingly communicate the views of her Majesty's Government to the Ministers of France, Russia, and Sweden, and you will endeavour to make your joint representations to the Danish Government conformable in substance, if not identical in terms. The result to be arrived at is the fulfilment of the Treaty of May 8, 1852, and of the engagements entered into by Austria, Prussia, and Denmark in 1851-2. The mode of arriving at that result cannot yet be laid down. Patience and impartiality on the part of the great Powers will conduce greatly to that end, and will contribute in the same proportion to the maintenance of the peace of Europe.

In a despatch, dated Dec. 12, 1863, Lord Wodehouse narrates an interview he had with Count Bismarck.

After discussing some questions as to the non-reception of the Danish Envoy, the dangers of a conflict at Rendsburg between the outposts, the conversation proceeded as follows:—

We then proceeded to discuss the question of Schleswig, which, as your Lordship is well aware, is the main cause of the long-standing quarrel between Germany and Denmark. I said it was impossible to arrive at any settlement unless the German Powers were prepared to state precisely what their demands upon Denmark were, and that I hoped he would be able to give me a distinct explanation on this point.

M. de Bismarck said that the demands of Germany were the same as they had always been—namely, that Denmark should fulfil her engagement not to incorporate Schleswig with the kingdom, and to grant a common Constitution, in which Holstein, Schleswig, and Lauenburg should enjoy equal rights with the kingdom. I replied that her Majesty's Government were persuaded that it was hopeless to enter into a discussion as to the common Constitution. The last eleven years had been passed in fruitless attempts to reconcile the German with the Danish views of what constituted equal rights; was it probable that the Danes would ever submit to give the inhabitants of the duchies, who were a minority, the same number of members in a common Parliament as the Danes, who were the majority? Would such an arrangement be consistent with fairness or justice? M. de Bismarck said that the Danes would not have a bare equality of members with the Germans, because there were a larger number of Danes in Schleswig, who would no doubt return Danish members. His Excellency developed at much length his views as to the common Constitution, but I cannot say I heard from him anything which has not been repeated over and over again in these interminable discussions. I still pressed him to state some other alternative, but he said this was for the Danes, and not the Germans, to propose.

I then asked him what the German Powers required as to the Constitution recently signed by the King of Denmark. Upon this point he said there could be no compromise. The Constitution must be declared before Jan. 1 to be inapplicable to Schleswig, otherwise the German Powers would hold themselves released from all their engagements to Denmark, including the Treaty of 1852. They could not be satisfied with the mere postponement for the present of the meeting of the new Rigsraad.

I said that I supposed that he would be satisfied if the King issued a declaration that the Constitution could not be carried into effect as regards Schleswig. It might be necessary, if the question was not concluded by the existing Rigsraad, which expired at the end of the year, to call together the new Rigsraad, in which alone the law could then be altered. His Excellency said, provided Schleswig was exempted from the operation of the law by some act done by the King before Jan. 1, when the new Constitution came into force, he did not care by what Assembly the law was ultimately abrogated. However, it would, he was convinced, be necessary for the King of Denmark to dismiss his present Ministers; a *coup d'état* would be the best solution of the difficulty. The fact was that Germany would never be on good terms with Denmark as long as the present democratic institutions of Denmark were maintained.

I said I regretted to hear this language, which amounted to a declaration that the German Governments were really about to interfere to change the domestic institutions of an independent monarchy, and I pointed out strongly to M. de Bismarck the danger which the German Governments ran of exciting revolution at home by lending themselves to the designs of the Schleswig-Holstein party. Nothing, I said, could justify the conduct of the Prince of Augustenburg.

I concluded the conversation, which was conducted with the utmost courtesy by M. de Bismarck, by requesting that he would give me a memorandum of the demands of the German Powers. M. de Bismarck readily consented to this, and a memorandum was accordingly drawn up (of which I inclose a copy), and which it was agreed, if approved by the King and the Austrian Minister, should be initiated by M. de Bismarck, Count Kerolyi, and her Majesty's Ambassador.

The following is the memorandum inclosed:—

The Austrian and Prussian Governments require that the Danish Government shall carry out the engagements entered into by Denmark in 1851-2; so that, apart from the federal ties which concern only Holstein, Schleswig shall not be more closely connected with the Kingdom of Denmark than Holstein.

They therefore consider that the Constitution of the 18th of November, 1863, is a violation of the engagements of Denmark, and they require that measures shall be taken, before the 1st of January, by the Danish Government to prevent that Constitution from being carried into effect as regards Schleswig.

When such measures shall have been taken, they expect to receive from Denmark propositions as to the manner in which the engagements of 1851-2 are to be fulfilled.

In a despatch, dated Dec. 17, to Lord Wodehouse, Earl Russell discusses the question of the new Danish Constitution with the Danish engagements to Austria and Prussia. His Lordship says the fundamental law of the 18th of November was virtually an incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark.

It provides that Schleswig shall be represented in the Parliament of Denmark-Schleswig, and that all laws passed by the Parliament or Rigsraad shall have force in the Duchy of Schleswig, as well as in the Kingdom of Denmark. Thus it is enacted in the 18th section:—"The Legislative power in respect to the common affairs of Denmark Proper and Schleswig is vested in the King and the Rigsraad conjointly. No law, passed by the Rigsraad and sanctioned by the King, can be made dependent on the passage of a similar law by another Legislature, or for a separate part of the realm, unless a special provision to that effect be inserted in the law itself." This provision applies to Schleswig as well as to Holstein; but as Schleswig is to be represented in the Rigsraad it is obvious that all separate legislative power existing in the Diet of Schleswig is thus annihilated. But, further, let us see to what this legislative power of the Rigsraad extends. Article 50 says:—"No common tax can be imposed, altered, or established, nor any common loan be contracted, except by law." Clauses 51, 52, 53, 54, and 55 provide that every ordinance or extraordinary draught of men for the army or the fleet, every alienation or acquisition of a common domain, the right of the King to coin money, every alteration of the normal Budget, or its entire abolition, must be authorised or regulated by laws to be passed by the Rigsraad. Thus the Rigsraad, with the King, exercises the legislative power, and the legislative power comprises the whole public affairs of Denmark and Schleswig. It is true that a separate Representative Assembly is left both for Denmark and for Schleswig; but it is clear that these are intended only for local affairs, and that all their power over common affairs may be assumed to be absorbed by the Rigsraad. This Constitution, be it remembered, has not been submitted to the Diet of Schleswig, and was voted by an Assembly in which only eleven members for Schleswig were present, of whom seven voted for and four against that new Constitution.

The new Constitution, therefore, being without the requisite sanction of the Duchy of Schleswig, and being contrary to the engagements of the Crown of Denmark, ought, so far as Schleswig is concerned, to be repealed. How this is to be done it belongs to the King of Denmark, his Ministers, and his Parliament to decide. It is the wish of her Majesty's Government that it should be done in the manner most suitable to the dignity and character of Denmark as a free and independent State.

**VOLTAIRE'S TOMB.**—The Paris *Figaro* states that a rumour, for some time past in circulation, to the effect that the remains of Voltaire are no longer at the Pantheon, has now been confirmed. The tomb is empty, and nothing is known as to what has become of its contents. This discovery was made, it declares, through the following incident:—"The heart of Voltaire, as is generally known, was left by will to the Villette family, and had been deposited in their chateau. The present Marquis de Villette, a descendant of Voltaire, having resolved to sell the estate, offered the celebrated relic to the Emperor. It was accepted by the Minister of the Interior, in the name of his Majesty, and the question then arose as to what should be done with it. The most natural idea was to place it with the body in the tomb at the Pantheon; but a scruple arose. The Pantheon had again become a place of Christian worship; and if the tomb of Voltaire was still in the vaults, the reason was rather from a consideration that what was done could not be undone than from any other. At all events, no fresh ceremony relative to Voltaire could take place in that building without the authorisation of the Archbishop of Paris. Mgr. Darboy, on being consulted, before making a reply, first hinted that there was a belief that, since 1814, the Pantheon possessed nothing belonging to Voltaire but an empty tomb. In consequence, it was determined to verify the truth of the report. A few days back the stone was raised, and, as the Archbishop had stated, the tomb was found to be empty! A strict inquiry into the subject has been ordered, and the Emperor has given instructions that the heart shall be inclosed in a silver vase, and deposited either in the great hall of the Imperial Library or at the Institute of France."

## THE PLOT AGAINST THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

The trial of the four Italians charged with conspiring to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon took place in Paris last week. The court was crowded on each day of the trial; but there were fewer persons of note present than on some similar occasions.

The *pièces de conviction* had, according to custom, a prominent place in the hall of justice. They consisted of the bombs, revolvers, daggers, the double-locked travelling-bags in which these weapons had been conveyed to Paris, and the locks and keys which had been made by Greco's order, when he thought that those which were originally made did not sufficiently secure his murderous implements from the eyes of inquisitive French servants or lodging-house keepers.

M. Devienne, a rubicund person, past the prime of life, presided, supported by two other Judges. The eyes of the assembly were all of course directed towards the bench on which the prisoners were seated. Nobody could for an instant mistake them for anything but Italians, and they did not seem particularly assassin-like. Trabucco, the indictment stated, is forty-three years old, and his face in every respect confirmed this statement. The rest are quite young. Greco has the physiognomy of a melo-dramatic hero. His eyes are large and dark, his hair long and luxuriant, his beard intensely black and silky, and he would be *distingué* were it not for his theatrical air. It was he who was the soul of the plot—its prime mover—and the instigator of the other three, who, with the exception of Trabucco, were ordinary-looking persons. Trabucco is a man who would be in his right place at an Italian carnival. He is jovial, talkative, careless, and full of fun. The Court placed no restrictions whatever on his tongue; but it is uncertain whether this was done in the hope that he would commit himself, or because he communicated his good humour to at least one of the Judges, and kept alive a mirthful feeling among the rest of the auditory. But under his careless manner he concealed a good deal of address. Greco admitted everything alleged in the indictment. When Trabucco was asked if it was true, he replied, "Oui; c'est la vérité!" The latter answered, in reply to a question of the President, that he joined the plot, in the first place, because he was starving and could not do without the money offered him for assassinating the Emperor; secondly, because his brain was heated with the accounts of the brigandage tolerated by the French Government in Southern Italy; and, thirdly, because he was intimidated by Greco, who said, "If you don't unite with us your life will be taken by the patriots at Lugano." On being asked what journals especially excited him, Trabucco replied, "Why, all the journals; for the whole world knew that but for the French Government that nest of brigands which mutilated and murdered all the women who fell in their way could not have existed. When I saw my poor country thus delivered over to them, I was in despair. I have been a soldier of Garibaldi. I have shed my blood for my country, for I am very humanitarian. When I saw that the Emperor, who is the father of a nation, shut his eyes on all that was going on, I knew not what to do, M. le President. I have in my breast a ball I received when fighting for my country." Here he opened his shirt and disclosed such a chest as Esau must have had. He then went on to say that his anguish became insupportable after the affair of Aspromonte, when his dear leader, Garibaldi, was wounded and made a prisoner. That he was without resources; that he was mad with despair; that his brain burned with indignation; and that when he met Greco he was ready to do all the latter asked. Greco did what he could to implicate Mazzini. In an English court none of the evidence which was brought against Mazzini would be received; and it is not, even in the eyes of a French Judge, overwhelming. A prisoner here cannot bear witness against an accomplice, unless his evidence be corroborated by that of some more trustworthy person. This corroboration was sought in the alleged letters of Mazzini to Greco. They were compared with a letter written in 1849 by Mazzini. The expert who examined them belongs to the Bank of France. He thought that the erasures in both must have been made by the same hand. The most interesting evidence was that of M. Devienne, an armourer, who was appointed by the Government to examine the bombs found in the trunks and travelling-bags of the conspirators. They were, he stated, made of zinc, and so manufactured that they could not fail to explode. Each of these bombs was about as large as an orange, and covered with nipples. When making his first experiment, he covered each nipple with a simple copper cap, which did not prevent explosion. The force of the bomb was so great that it tore into pieces several stone barrels banded round with strong iron hoops and tore up the ground and stones about them. Had they been thrown at the Emperor's carriage few within their reach could have escaped with life, if indeed any. The poniards were poisoned with some volatile substance, but what this substance was could not be determined. Scaglioni and Imperatori did not speak much. The first was interrogated through an interpreter. Imperatori understands French perfectly, but speaks it with an Italian accent and idiom. Greco does not express himself fluently in it, but Trabucco does. The witnesses were for the most part waiters and the mistresses of hotels and boarding-houses in which the conspirators resided since their arrival in Paris. There were also examined three police agents.

The prisoners were found guilty. Greco and Trabucco were condemned to transportation for life, Imperatori and Scaglioni to twenty years' imprisonment each.

**DEATH OF CAVOUR'S BROTHER.**—The Marquis Gustave Cavour, elder surviving brother of the late Count Cavour, has just died of apoplexy at Turin. In 1848 the deceased belonged to the Conservative party, and was one of the founders of the *Armonia*, at the head of which journal he remained until 1851. From the time of his brother's accession to office he gradually fell off from his former associates, and in 1859 was completely in accord with the Piedmontese Government. He was at first a great admirer of Father Passaglia, whom he kept at his house for some time, but at length got tired of him. Of the Cavour family there now only remain Count Eginard, younger son of the Marquis. The elder brother died in Lombardy in 1843, where he was serving as lieutenant of artillery. The Marquis leaves a daughter married to Count Alfieri.

**THE LONDON ASSOCIATION OF FOREMEN ENGINEERS.**—This society celebrated its eleventh anniversary on Saturday, the 27th ult., at a dinner at Radley's Hotel, Bridge-street, Blackfriars. Mr. Grissell, C.E., filled the chair on the occasion, and was supported by a host of scientific and literary notabilities. Among them were Mr. Reed, Chief Constructor of the Navy; Captain Blakeley; the Hon. Mr. Duncan; Mr. A. Field, of the firm of Maudslays, Sons, and Field; Mr. Simpson, C.E.; Captain McGregor, Mr. Passmore Edwards, proprietor of the *Mechanics' Magazine* and of the *Building News*; Mr. Smith, of the *Artisan*; Mr. J. Newton (of the Mint), President of the association; Mr. Alexander, of the *Practical Mechanics' Magazine*, and others. Amongst the donations announced were £50 each from Mr. Grissell and Mr. Field, £25 from Mr. Smith, and a complete set of the *Building News* from Mr. Edwards. The objects of the society are purely scientific and benevolent; the number of members on its books is 105, and the amount invested in its name is £345.

**PRIVATE INQUIRIES THROUGH THE POLICE.**—Lieutenant-General Cartwright, her Majesty's Inspector of Constabulary for the Midland Districts of England and for North Wales, notices in his report for the past year, made to the Secretary of State, that in the course of his inspection he discovered it to be a common practice in many counties for individuals and companies to communicate with the police, seeking private information as to the character, respectability, and means of persons residing on their districts, and offering remuneration for the service. Lieutenant-General Cartwright regards it as a most dangerous transgression of police duty, quite foreign to the purposes for which the force was established, and seriously impeding its popularity and efficiency. He reports that in his circuit of inspection wherever he mentioned the practice to those in command of forces it met with their immediate reprobation, and this may check the system; but he considered the subject of such vital importance to the force that he thought it his duty to bring it under the consideration of the Secretary of State, and to express his opinion that the practice must be at once and completely suppressed.

## SOLDIERS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

WHATEVER opinion may be held with respect to the political claims of Denmark, she is challenging the interest and sympathy of Europe by the courage with which so small a State opposes the imperious demands of two overwhelming forces. Notwithstanding their rivalry and the endeavours of each to take the initiative in Germany—notwithstanding even their desire to exhibit their several armies in all the glory of "a war footing"—either Austria or

Prussia might have managed this business alone but for a political coalition to serve a temporary purpose. As it is, there are two armies pushed beyond the boundaries of treaties or of territory, as though with the express intention of violating the rights of both. If the recent augmentations and changes of the Prussian forces were only to attain this object, they seem to have been devoted to a purpose quite inadequate to the importance which was attached to them, and it is scarcely plain how an army of 300,000 men should require for such an object to have been increased to the war footing.

We are able this week to publish illustrations of the various divisions of the Prussian army as it is at present organised, and our readers may be interested to learn some particulars of the military administration of the country.

This administration, which dates from the year 1814, is virtually founded on the principle that every man capable of bearing arms shall receive military instruction, and enter the army for a certain number of years.

The system of substitution is in no case allowed, and every Prussian subject is enrolled as a soldier as soon as he has completed his twentieth year, his term of service lasting five years, half of which time is passed in the regular army and the rest amongst the troops of the reserve. Having thus, so to speak, served his apprenticeship and learnt his business, the soldier enters the "Landwehr," or militia, for nine years, attending annual practice when required, and liable to serve with the regular army in time of war. Once safely out of the "Landwehr," and approaching middle age, he is finally enrolled in the "Landsturm," with the privilege of fighting within the frontiers of the country in case of invasion. From this compulsory service noblemen, the clergy, and some other people are exempt; and, practically, the well-to-do classes are all but exempt, since young men who are able to pay for their own equipment and can pass a slight examination are only required to serve for one year in the army. The regular army of Prussia consists of a General Field Marshal, a General Feldzeugmeister, 31 Generals, 36 Lieutenant-Generals, 69 Major-Generals, 77 Colonels of infantry, 18 Colonels of cavalry, 15 Colonels of artillery, 6 Colonels of engineer corps, and 1 of trains. According to the most recent returns, the organisation of the forces is as follows:—Field troops—9 regiments of guard infantry, 112 regiments of line cavalry, 8 regiments of guard cavalry, 10 battalions of chasseurs and rifles, and 12 regiments of Landwehr cavalry. The total number of men in this division, when the army is on a peace footing, is infantry, 138,539; cavalry, 29,049. On a war footing it is increased to—infantry, 253,506; and cavalry, 36,013.

To these must be added 9 brigades of artillery, 9 battalions of pioneers, and 9 train battalions, with 432 gunners—making a total of 193,259 field troops in time of peace, and 370,073 in time of war. The garrison troops consist of 36 regiments of infantry, which, with a small body of cavalry, artillery, and pioneers, amount to 7317 men, increased, when placed on a war footing, to the number of 135,182. It will be seen from these figures that the total strength of the Prussian army in time of peace is 200,576 men, and when on a war footing, 505,195 men; while to these we may add reserve troops, composed of 81 battalions, 10 companies of Jägers, 60 reserve squadrons, and 9 companies of pioneers—making 104,414 men.

Of this army nearly the whole of the officers are drawn from the ranks of the nobility, the superior officers being all noblemen; and it is only in the artillery and the corps of engineers that gentlemen not possessing rank and title are permitted to rise to high commands. This may be partly caused by the extremely low pay, which demands that an officer shall possess a private fortune. The pay of both officers and men is exceedingly small, amounting on the average, including officers and Staff, only to 49 9s. 2d. a year in the infantry, £12 8s. a year in the cavalry, and £33 1s. a year in the artillery, which possesses a larger Staff, and is much more carefully managed. There is a great disadvantage in such miserable wages, it must be owned; but the Prussian army is pre-eminent in Europe for its sanitary condition. Since 1838 great reforms have been effected; and, by the returns for the year 1860, it appears that the mortality was only 1 in 144, or 70 in every 10,000 men, including suicides, accidents, and invalids. Leaving out suicides and accidents, the mortality was 1 in 166; and, leaving out the invalids also, 1 in 187.

The twenty-seven fortresses of Prussia, of which five are of the first rank, are garrisoned by 7317 men in time of peace, and by 135,182 during war. These fortresses are about to undergo considerable repair, and many of them will be enlarged, since it is considered that those upon the frontier especially require strengthening; while it has been positively stated that the powder magazines used in time of war are everywhere more or less exposed to the fire of modern artillery. New works are now rapidly urged towards completion at the fortifications of Königsberg, Boyen, Posen, and Spandau; and it is deemed essential that the fortresses of strategic importance should be completely armed with rifled guns, especially where they guard the harbours and mouths of rivers, at such places as Memel, Pillau, Danzig, and Peenemünde.

The expense of these measures has been computed at 8,990,000 thalers, or £1,284,300; that is to say, for rebuilding and strengthening the old fortresses, 3,000,000 thalers; for securing the powder magazines against modern artillery, 240,000 thalers; for the extension of the works at Königsberg, Bayen, Posen, and Spandau, 2,450,000 thalers; for rifled guns, 2,790,000 thalers; and for coast defences, 450,000 thalers.

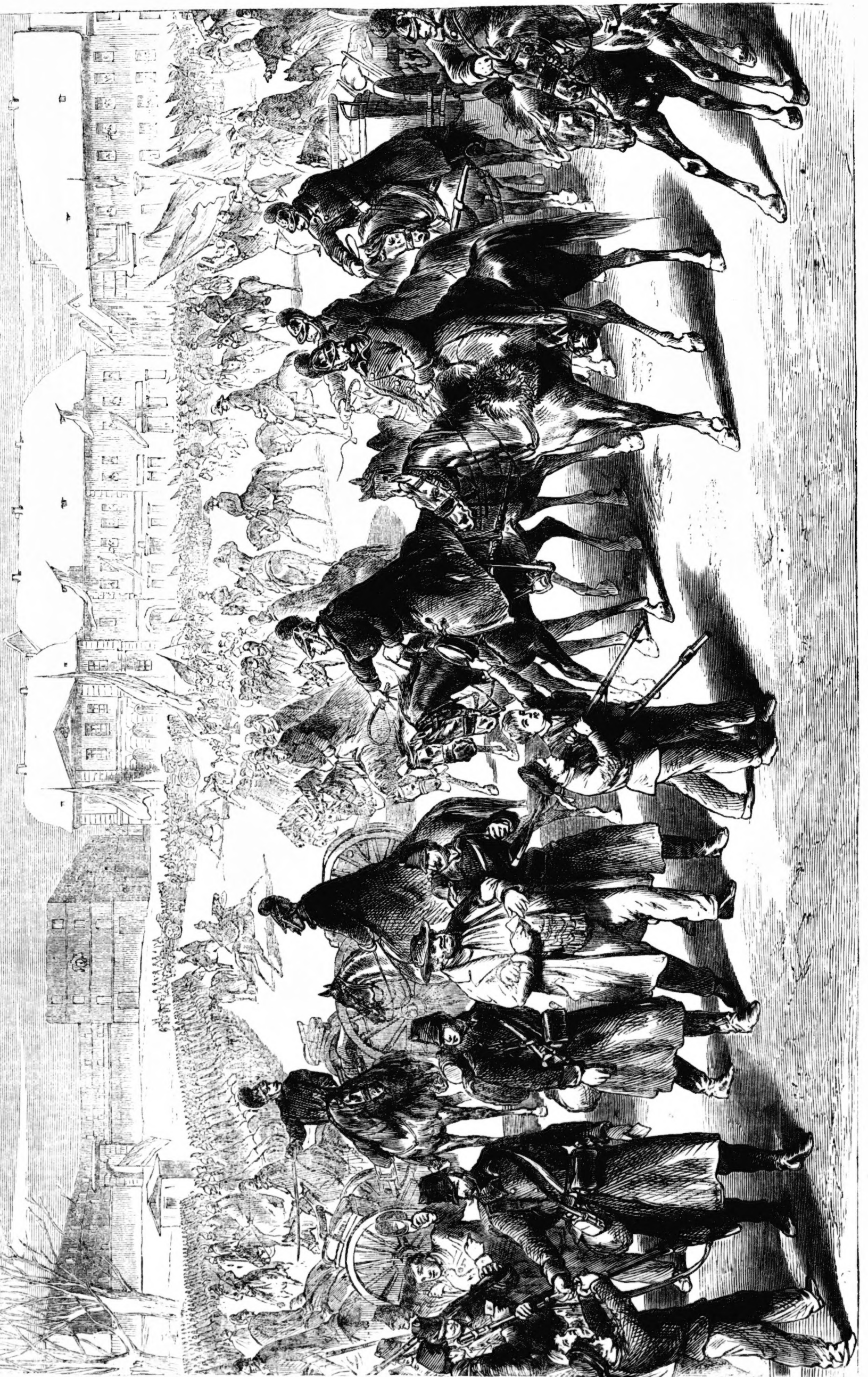
The army of Prussia, like its population, is composed of representatives of various religious creeds, the Protestants being proportionately the most numerous. The statistics of the army in 1862 showed 184,776 Protestants, 82,345 Roman Catholics, 6 members of the Greek Church, 8 Anabaptists, 63 Dissenters, and 1328 Jews. Amongst the 8000 officers of the active army only a few hundred are Roman Catholics, and in the military schools, out of 1300 pupils, more than 1200 are Protestants.

## SAN LUIS DE POTOSI, THE LATE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF JUAREZ.

In our last Number we gave some particulars of the progress of the French arms in Mexico; of the taking of San Luis de Potosi; and the retreat of Juarez from Aguas Calientes. Recent advices state that the authorities of the former city have officially declared their allegiance to the Empire; that numbers of other towns have done the same; that Juarez has resigned the presidency, and that Ortega has succeeded him. It will be remembered that Negrete made a desperate attempt to retake San Luis from the French, but was repulsed with great loss; and there can be little doubt but the capture of this important city, the defeat of the Mexican troops, and their final retreat, were, for a time at least, fatal to the influence of Juarez.

Unlike Guanaxaro, the vicinity of San Luis is not rich in mines, but the State of which it is the capital comprehends by far the larger part of the southern portion of the great northern plain, and is traversed from west to east by an affluent of the river Panuco. With the exception of the one rich mine of Catorce, the district has been more celebrated for its herds of cattle than for its mineral wealth, although it contains several valuable copper-mines. The city of San Luis is large and well built, containing about 40,000 inhabitants, and is situated at the north-west extremity of the province, at an elevation of 6350 ft. above the level of the sea. Its wide and well-planned streets have an imposing appearance, and are tolerably lighted by night, while the squares and principal parts of the city are adorned with some fine public buildings and a large number of churches. The most important of these squares is the Piazza de las Armas, one side of which is occupied by the Palacio or Government House, a handsome building, which stands opposite to the cathedral; the other side of the square being formed of shops and large dwelling-houses. The fountain which ornaments the centre of the Piazza is supplied by an aqueduct, which is large enough to convey sufficient water for the whole town. Besides its valuable transit trade, San Luis is one of the most considerable manufacturing towns in Mexico, and altogether exhibits an unusual appearance of prosperity.





THE WAR IN DENMARK.—PARADE OF SAXON TROOPS AT RENDSBURG.—(FROM A SKETCH BY A. BECK.)—SEE PAGE 146.



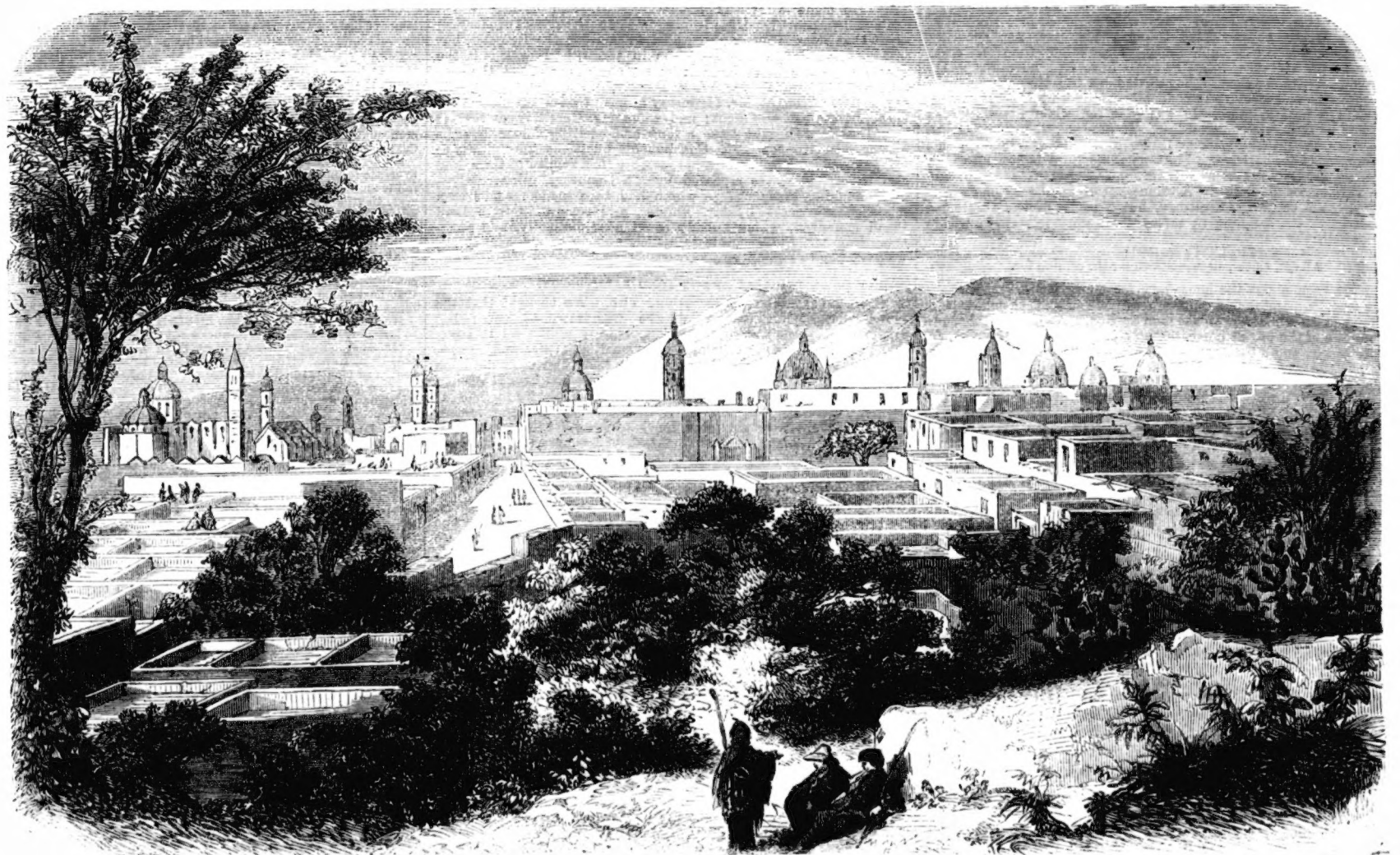


ARTILLERYMAN. RIFLEMAN. DRAGOON. LANCER. CUIRASSIER. FOOT SOLDIER. ENGINEER.



FOOT SOLDIER. OFFICER OF FOOT GUARDS. DRUMMER OF THE GUARD. GENERAL OF INFANTRY. HORSE ARTILLERY. BODY GUARD. HUSSAR.

UNIFORMS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY—SEE PAGE 147.



THE CITY OF SAN LUIS DE POTOSI, THE RECENT HEAD-QUARTERS OF JUAREZ, EX-PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 147.



## INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 226.

## A PERI SHUT OUT.

A FUNNY incident, but not unprecedented, occurred last week, when Mr. Bernal Osborne proposed to stop the supplies. When Mr. Speaker had put the question, Mr. Bernal Osborne had challenged for a division, and the bells were set ringing. A stream of members, principally Conservatives, rolled towards the door. There it was met by another stream of members, principally Liberals, flowing into the house, and there was of course no little confusion made by this meeting of the waters in the narrow doorway. Well, in the crowd outside stood Colonel Luke White, junior Treasury Whip. He had come out to follow his vocation—i.e., to persuade several members who seemed indisposed to vote to go in. Now, the time allowed for members to enter or leave the house between the call for a division and the closing of the door is two minutes. It is a short time, and soon slips away; and it not unfrequently happens that a member, whilst gossiping in the lobby, hears the door bang, and, turning round, finds, to his great mortification, that he is shut out. Colonel White was thus excluded. He was in the thick of the crowd, holding Mr. Gregory by the button, and earnestly persuading the hon. member for Galway to vote; and so zealous was he that he took no note of time. And, whilst he was thus occupied, the last and in the two-minute glass upon the table slipped through; Mr. Speaker rose, and the door was shut. Roused by the noise, the gallant Colonel turned round and rushed at the door; but he was "too late, too late!" The door was shut and locked; and if the fate of the Government and the Colonel's pleasant salary of a thousand a year had hung upon his vote, it was lost. Fortunately, that vote was not wanted inside, and all the harm done was this:—The gallant Colonel lost a vote to his credit in that rigorous debtor and creditor account which the chief whip keeps against all members of the Government. This little incident caused a good deal of merriment amongst the crowd outside, and the gallant Colonel was not a little chaffed.

## THE WOODEN SPOON.

We have said that a rigorous account is kept of all the divisions, and that every vote of every member of the Government is posted. We will now tell our readers what is done with this list. Every year, at the close of the Session, as our readers know, the Ministers dine together at the Trafalgar. Well, after dinner, the chief whip produces his account and reads it aloud; and it is said that the man whose name appears in the division-list the smallest number of times has a wooden spoon presented to him. When the Derbyites were in power last, Sir John Pakington, it is asserted, was the successful candidate for the spoon, Mr. Whiteside presenting it to the right honourable Baronet with infinite humour and fun. Why a wooden spoon is used we cannot tell. Perhaps in ancient times the poor man got that and nothing else. If any of our readers should be curious to know what is really symbolised by this ceremony, let them understand that we cannot help them. We refer them to the Editor of *Notes and Queries*.

## A DINNERLESS MINISTER.

Here is another incident of last week. On Friday night, according to a general order, Supply was on the paper, and, next to Supply, Mr. Gladstone's bill to enable farmers to use malt for the feeding of cattle. Now, generally, we chatter about this question of Supply on Friday night, till eleven or twelve o'clock; and, as Colonel Dunne had introduced a motion upon Irish taxation, it seemed to be all but certain that the Malt for Cattle Bill could not come on until midnight; for Colonel Dunne is proverbially a long-winded speaker, and it is the nature of Irish debates to spin themselves out to interminable length. Even at eight o'clock, or thereabout, Mr. Gladstone, seeing that the House had got well into the Irish debate, thought that he might safely go to dinner; and to dinner he went, quite convinced that he had a good two hours at least before him wherein to eat and digest his food. But, *mirabile dictu*, he had not left the house ten minutes when the flow of Irish eloquence suddenly stopped. Mr. Speaker put the question, "Supply" was negatived, as it generally is on Friday nights by arrangement. Colonel Dunne's motion was agreed to, and the "Malt for Cattle Bill" was called on. Here, then, was a dilemma. Mr. Gladstone was not there; and it would be much easier to play "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out than to proceed with such a bill without the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The rule is, that if the promoter of a bill be not present when it is called, said bill is postponed. But the Government was anxious to get on with this bill. The country gentlemen had specially mustered to discuss it. In short, it would have been very inconvenient to postpone it; and so the House could do no other than wait until, in obedience to a special and urgent summons dispatched by messenger to Carlton Gardens, the Chancellor of the Exchequer should arrive. In twenty minutes he came; the Chairman of Committee stepped into the chair, and Mr. Gladstone proceeded to open his case, not specially good humoured, we should fancy, for, other than a crust of bread and a glass of wine, he could have had no dinner. He showed no irritation, though, but carried his bill through, answering objections and meeting amendments calmly and patiently for an hour and a half or more. It was past ten when his work was done and he could go home to dine. If ever the Chancellor of the Exchequer should become the leader of the House—and to this destiny seems to be leading him—he must dine before he comes down, as Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell used to do, and Lord Palmerston does now. A Chancellor of the Exchequer's presence may not be always necessary, but a leader of the House can seldom leave the building in safety. He must always be within ring of bell,

Fixed like a sentinel:  
All eye, all ear, all expectation for the coming foe.

We have been about the house now for many years, and we have never seen Palmerston in a dinner dress. We suspect that he seldom formally dines whilst the House is in Session. A slight luncheon in the middle of the day at home, tea at eight o'clock, in the tearoom at the house, and a basin of milk, or the like of it, when he gets home, is the *Lenten fare* of the noble Lord five days in the week during the Session.

## BADGER-DRAWING.

On Monday night we had a badger-drawing. This has become a very popular sport with us. Every night this Session we have had an exhibition of the sort. Indeed, it has got to be a part of our regular evening's programme; and now, as soon as prayers are over, the house rapidly fills with members, all anxious to see the fun. The badger to be drawn is usually Lord Palmerston or Mr. Under-Secretary Layard. The former, however, has to be dealt with warily; for he is a very old, sagacious, plucky, and dangerous animal. Sometimes he cannot be drawn at all, by all the ingenious devices that can be brought to bear. Do what the tormentors may, if he be not disposed to appear he won't appear. And when he does show he generally means mischief, and sends his persecutors scudding away in fine style. In short, it is clear that he is always master of the situation. He will turn out if he chooses, and then woe to his persecutors. If he do not choose to show, you might as well try to draw a guinea out of a miser's pocket as to get him to turn out. Mr. Under-Secretary Layard is an animal of quite another breed. He is hasty, impetuous, and at the first appearance of the dogs rushes out and very often yields capital sport. On Monday evening we had two exhibitions of the kind. Two badgers were drawn—to wit, Palmerston and Stansfeld.

## MR. COX'S QUESTION.

It was half-past four by the chimes, or it might be nearer five. The house was very full. Mr. Cox sat in his usual place, below the gangway, buried in the crowd. Suddenly, however, he rose to put a question to the honourable member for Halifax. At first we hardly knew what Mr. Cox would be at, and the buzz of talk which prevailed continued. Soon, however, we got an inkling of his subject. "Hear, hear!" broke out from various parts of the House. "Order, order!" muttered the Speaker; and suddenly the buzz

talk ceased, and the House became silent as night. Mr. Cox, it appeared, had seen in the papers an account of the trial of the French conspirators; and had read therein a statement made by the Crown prosecutor which had moved his (Mr. Cox's) loyal and virtuous soul to the depths. The statement was this:—"That Greco wrote from an address in London, stating that he was in want of money, and directed an answer to be sent to Mr. Flower, 35, Thurlow-square, Brompton. He (the prosecutor) searched the London Directory, and at page 70 he found, not without a feeling of sadness, the name of a member of Parliament in England who had already, in 1857, been concerned in the Tibaldi conspiracy against the Emperor's life." "Not without a feeling of sadness," said the French Crown prosecutor. Mr. Cox sympathised with the feeling; he, too, was afflicted with profound sadness; and had come down to the house to give the hon. member for Halifax an opportunity to explain, and in the confident hope that, by his explanation, he would clear his character from this foul insinuation. When the member for Finsbury had asked his question, or, rather, called the attention of the hon. member for Halifax to this statement, a few mutterings of "Hear, hear!" ran through the Conservative ranks, and then all eyes were fixed upon Mr. Stansfeld.

## MR. STANSFELD'S ANSWER.

Mr. Stansfeld, while Cox was speaking, sat at the farthest end of the Treasury bench, close to Mr. Speaker's chair, with his head stretched forward, and his intelligent face turned towards his interrogator. We looked at that face to see whether it betrayed anxiety, and we have to report that we saw signs of none; on the contrary, the hon. gentleman looked, to our thinking, unusually bright and lively. Indeed, we have seen him look far more nervous and anxious when he was watching his opportunity to get up and make a speech. Neither did it strike us that the House generally seemed to be oppressed or disturbed by the serious charge against one of its members. And yet the charge was a very grave one, and if true, would involve, and immediately lead to, very serious results. Yes; "if true." But, as it appeared to us, the House did not for a moment believe that it was true. No; we fight desperate political battles, and occasionally our contests are marked by too much bitterness and asperity; but we are Englishmen after all, and it would require some very strong evidence to make a company of Englishmen believe that an English gentleman could be in complicity with assassins. As we looked upon those faces, all turned towards Mr. Stansfeld, and watched them, we could tell at once that (except it might be a few in whose hearts party spite overrides all kindness, generosity, justice, and national pride) the members did not for a moment believe this atrocious charge. Indeed, we doubt whether they believed in the conspiracy. Very few Frenchmen believe in it. At all events, we venture to assert that, with the exceptions aforesaid, the House of Commons had acquitted Mr. Stansfeld before they had heard his defence. When Mr. Cox sat down Mr. Stansfeld rose, and, moving forward, spoke. And what of his speech? Well, justice compels us to say that his first speech was a failure. In our opinion, no speech should have been attempted. Sharply and categorically Mr. Stansfeld should have answered the charge, and done no more. "Greco never wrote from my house. I never heard of a Mr. Flower. No letters have come to my house directed to Mr. Flower. I am incapable of sanctioning in any way the atrocious crime with which these conspirators are charged. And so is my friend Mazzini." This, or something like this, should have been the tenor of Mr. Stansfeld's reply. But if Mr. Stansfeld's reply was not politic it was generous. Forgetting himself, he rushed into a defence of his friend. Still, as the House was convinced before Mr. Stansfeld spoke, it would have been satisfied with this speech, and would have quietly dropped the subject but for one man—to wit, Mr. Hennessy.

## MR. HENNESSY MISSES HIS MARK.

Mr. Hennessy, whilst this business was going on, sat crouching in his place like a hound upon the slip, with head forward, eyes sparkling, nostrils distended, evidently burning to spring on his prey. He had heard the name of Mazzini; and that terrible name, so closely associated with the defeat of his Neapolitan clients, the dethroned Bourbons, and so dreadfully prophetic of future woes to other and still dearer friends—moved him as a red cloak in the Spanish arena moves the bulls to rage; and, as soon as Mr. Stansfeld had sat down, Mr. Hennessy rose. Now, as there was no question before the House, Mr. Hennessy could not make a speech without introducing a motion, and so he moved the adjournment of the House and then exploded. And it was evident that he anticipated loud applause and great success; but he got few cheers and achieved no success. Several of the wilder sort around him cheered, but the mass of the English Conservative gentlemen cheered not; and if Mr. Stansfeld's speech was not a success, certainly Mr. Hennessy's was a failure. He was too hot. He made assertions not warranted, and charges which had not been proved. Here is one. "They (the friends of Mazzini) assert that Mazzini never attempted to murder the Emperor, but that his sole object was to keep him in terror." Now this is the charge brought against Mazzini by his enemies, and not the confession of his friends. Mr. W. E. Forster, in his calm, logical way, subsequently brought Mr. Hennessy to book for this rash assertion. However, the ball was afoot; and when Mr. Hennessy sat down it looked as if we might have a long and exciting debate, but the matter soon dropped. Mr. Cox put his questions more clearly to Mr. Stansfeld. The honourable member then replied to them, and also to certain others repeated by Mr. Hennessy, categorically—flatly denying every charge which had been made. And after a few clear sentences by Mr. Forster, and something from Lord Claud Hamilton, which nobody could hear distinctly, and something from Mr. Alderman Rose, which nobody would hear at all, we passed on to something else.

## DISRAELI DRAWS LORD PALMERSTON.

Yes, we passed on to something else. We thought that the motion for adjournment would be withdrawn at once; but Disraeli had been watching his opportunity whilst all this was going on, disdaining to take part in so small an affair; and, as soon as the coast was clear, rose and opened a fierce and noisy fire upon the foreign policy of the Government. The right hon. gentleman is, it is confidently asserted, to be our Foreign Secretary in the next Derby Government; hence his reiterated criticisms upon foreign affairs. Like a wise gladiator, he is training for his work. The right hon. gentleman, we soon learned, had come down with a set speech in his head, and now had risen to deliver it. We listened to a great part of this speech. To say that it was clever is useless—all the right hon. gentlemen's speeches are clever. But the right hon. gentleman was evidently not happy in his delivery. Palmerston was in his place, steadily confronting his antagonist; and, by the smile on his countenance, one could see clearly that he was quite up to his work, and that, in good time, he would give his opponent as good as he gave. No wonder, then, that the leader of the Opposition boggled, and hesitated, and had, as it seemed to those who listened, to force out his lagging words. Who would not hesitate and stutter with such a foe before him—the most skilful master of fence in the house, and with a knowledge, withal, of this special subject unparalleled?

## THE RESULT.

What a wonder is our Premier! But the other day he was reported hors-de-combat—attacked by two of the octogenarian's direst enemies, severe cold and gout; but, lo! scarcely had the report been made when, braving snow and rain, and fog, he came down and marched up the house. And now, here he is, apparently quite well, and in the jolliest and merriest of moods. When the Opposition leader resumed his seat our octogenarian was up in a moment, and, rushing in *medias res*, he soon had the House in a perfect storm of laughter and cheers; and he laughed too—laughed like a boy—and from that broad, deep chest of his sent out such trumpet tones that you might have fancied that it was a man in the prime of life speaking. Nor was his action less remarkable than his speech. In short, eighty years old as he is, he seemed to all appearance not to have bated one jot of the clearness of intellect, the strength

of voice, and the physical energy which characterised him twenty years ago. "You will never be Foreign Secretary, Mr. Disraeli, whilst this man is alive." "The young man is too much for us," said Lord Derby; which is quite true.

## Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26.  
HOUSE OF LORDS.

## THE INVASION OF JUTLAND.

In answer to the Earl of Malmesbury, Earl Russell said that the Prussian Commander had no orders to enter Jutland. The Government were, however, informed, though not officially, that Jutland and Schleswig were to be held as material guarantees for the expenses of the war.

## THE CRAWLEY COURT-MARTIAL.

Lord COLVILLE drew attention to the proceedings of the Deputy Judge Advocate at the late Crawley court-martial, and complained that that learned gentleman had prepared the articles of the prosecution, acted as legal adviser to the prosecutor, and drawn up the reply to the defence.

Earl DE GREY said that the proceedings were conducted in accordance with precedent. In 1860 the Judge Advocate General advised a change of system, and the question was now under the consideration of the Government whether the existing practice might not be improved.

After some remarks by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Chelmsford, the Earl of Longford, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, the matter dropped.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE CONFERENCE ON THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.

Replying to Mr. S. Fitzgerald and Lord J. Manners, Lord PALMERSTON said, no bases for the conference on Dano-German affairs had been laid down except the maintenance of the integrity of the Danish monarchy. A paper had that day been received from Copenhagen asking, on account of local considerations, for a delay before the decision of Denmark as to the conference was given. No answer had been received from the German Diet, and probably that body would have some difficulty in agreeing upon the instructions which they should give their representatives.

## THE SLAVE TRADE.

On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. CAVE asked whether it was intended to carry into execution the provisions of the treaty with the United States for the suppression of the slave trade on the coast of Cuba. He pointed out that the slave trade was still carried on in Cuba, and expressed a hope that efforts would be made to stop it.

Lord PALMERSTON said the importation of slaves into Cuba had largely decreased last year owing to the treaty with the United States. Unfortunately, the Government had not been able to conclude a similar engagement with France. Representations were being made to the Government of Madrid to repeal certain laws which prevented the suppression of the slave trade in Cuba. These had not yet been effectual, but he hoped they ultimately would. Everything that could be done by the Government was being done to put a stop to the trade.

## TAXATION IN IRELAND.

Colonel DUNNE moved for a Select Committee to consider how far the taxation of Ireland is in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty of Union and just in reference to the resources of the country. He quoted a number of statistics to prove that Ireland was not fairly dealt with in the matter of taxation.

Mr. HENNESSY and Sir E. Grogan supported the motion. Lord DUNKELIN doubted whether any useful result could follow from such an inquiry as that proposed. It would have been better to call attention to one or two items which pressed heavily on the country. He thought Ireland was overladen with taxation, and ought to have either the stamp duty or the income tax remitted.

Mr. LONGFIELD supported the motion. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER acceded to the motion, but hoped that no sanguine expectations would be entertained of the result of the labours of the Committee. He hoped the period of Ireland's distress was drawing to a close, and that uninterrupted prosperity awaited her. The motion for a Committee was then agreed to.

## MALT FOR CATTLE BILL.

The House then went into Committee on the Malt for Cattle Bill. Some amendments were agreed to.

Sir E. DERING proposed a clause making it lawful for farmers to malt barley for the consumption of their own stock without taking out a license. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER resisted the clause, and, after some discussion, it was withdrawn, and the bill passed through Committee.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 29.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

## MAZZINI AND THE PARIS PLOT.

The Marquis of WESTMERE, saying that the recent trial of the conspirators at Paris showed the implication of Signor Mazzini in the plot, asked if Government intended to take any steps in reference to the matter.

Earl RUSSELL said he could not say that Signor Mazzini had been engaged in the plot, and, under those circumstances, the Government had no intention to take any steps in the matter.

## THE INSANE PRISONERS BILL.

was read a second time, after a few remarks from Lord ST. LEONARDS as to the case of Townley.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## DANISH SHIP OF WAR IN THE CLYDE.

In reply to Mr. Dalglish, Mr. LAYARD said a Danish ship of war recently launched on the Clyde would not be allowed to leave this country until the termination of hostilities between Denmark and Germany. The Danish Minister had behaved with the utmost fairness in the matter.

## MR. STANSFELD AND MAZZINI.

Mr. COX asked Mr. Stansfeld if his attention had been directed to a passage in the speech of the Procureur-General in the late trial of conspirators in Paris, in which it was stated that Greco had written from an address in London, stating that he was in want of money and directing an answer to be sent to Mr. Flower, 35, Thurlow-square, Brompton, at which house resided a member of Parliament of England who had already, in 1857, been engaged in the Orsini conspiracy against the Emperor's life. He (Mr. Cox) found that Mr. Stansfeld lived at that address.

Mr. STANSFELD, in reply, said the statement of the Procureur was enough to create feelings not only of astonishment but of indignation. He should feel it an indignity to be asked to reply to such a charge. He rejoiced, however, in the opportunity afforded him of declaring that he had never known a man more cruelly maligned than Signor Mazzini. He believed that gentleman to be utterly incapable of having any concern in the alleged plot.

Mr. HENNESSY deprecated the introduction of Signor Mazzini's name. That individual had declared Greco, one of the parties charged, to be an enthusiastic patriot. He believed the theory of Signor Mazzini's friends was that he had no intention to assassinate the Emperor, but simply to terrify him so as to prevent him from interfering with other plans.

Mr. COX complained that Mr. Stansfeld had not given any explanation as to Mr. Flower's being at 35, Thurlow-square.

Mr. STANSFELD declared that he knew no such individual, and he denied that he had ever acted as treasurer or member of a committee for the collection of money to be distributed among Italian patriots.

After some remarks from Mr. W. E. Forster, Lord C. Hamilton, and Mr. Alderman Rose, the subject dropped.

## OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

Mr. DISRAELI, in addressing an inquiry to the Government respecting the Danish question, expanded his inquiry, and, in a speech of some length, arraigned the foreign policy of the Ministry, and especially the manner in which foreign affairs had been managed by Lord Russell, in past as well as in present times. Observing that there was nothing very encouraging to the country and the House of Commons in the prospect of a conference without something like an armistice, he asked in what state the proposal of a conference stood. Had France agreed to the conference, and, if so, on what conditions? Had the Government agreed with France to go further, and to enter upon a course of action, and, if so, what was that course of action to effect? After suggesting the difficulties that might arise under a variety of possible circumstances, he urged that the condition of the country was most unsatisfactory, and asked what the Government intended to do.

Lord PALMERSTON, remarking that Mr. Disraeli was never so great, and, in his own estimation, so successful, as when he had an opportunity of attacking an abent man, after defendant Earl Russell, replied to Mr. Disraeli's attack on the policy of the Government. Mr. Disraeli, he observed, had a portion of the papers relating to the Danish question to enlighten his mind, and next day he would have another portion, that would bring the transactions down to a late period. It would be a long story, he said, to tell what was contained in those papers. If Mr. Disraeli would wait he would see, and the House would see, what was the policy the Government pursued in receiving proposals and answering proposals. Their object, in short, was to conciliate differences, to mollify exasperation, and to bring about, if possible, a peaceable settlement of the dispute.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD observed that Lord Palmerston had given no reply to the questions. The House had no information as to the principles of the proposed conference. He believed the country was in a most critical condition, and that this state of things had been produced by the policy of the Government.

The subject then dropped.

## THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

The House then went into Committee of Supply on the Navy Estimates, and, after a good deal of discussion, several votes were agreed to.



TUESDAY, MARCH 1.  
HOUSE OF LORDS.

## FEDERAL RECRUITING IN IRELAND.

The Marquis of CLANRICARDE, in moving for copies of any papers that might have been received by the Government relative to recruiting in Ireland for the army of the United States, inquired whether any remonstrances against such proceedings had been addressed to the authorities at Washington?

Earl RUSSELL said he had no doubt that any attempt on the part of the Government to enlist recruits for their army would be a breach of the principles of neutrality, and that it was an offence against our own municipal laws, which, if detected, would subject the offenders to punishment and justify strong complaints to the Government of the United States. On more than one occasion he had already complained that such practices as the noble Marquis had adverted to were going on on behalf of the Federal Government in Ireland, and he had opened a correspondence with Mr. Adams on the subject. That gentleman, however, had indignantly denied the truth of such allegations; and, having received that denial, he (Earl Russell) felt obliged to wait until some case had occurred in which proof was forthcoming.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE MISCELLANEOUS ESTIMATES.

Mr. MARCH having proposed a resolution to the effect that the Civil Service and Miscellaneous Estimates had been for many years rapidly increasing and ought to be reduced.

Mr. PEEL admitted that the increase in these Estimates was very large, but that was due to causes over which the Government had no control, and hardly the House itself, unless it resorted to a policy totally different to that which had been pursued for many years past. If they could reduce the education grant and the grant for the reformation of criminals, and sweep away the vote for putting down the slave trade, they might be able to reduce taxation, and possibly dispense with the necessity for the income tax; but to the adoption of this course he believed the House of Commons would be the first to object.

After some observations by Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Torrens, and Mr. Ewart, the motion was withdrawn.

## ORDERS OF THE DAY.

The Malt for Cattle Bill and the Conveyancers, &c. (Ireland), Bill were respectively read a third time and passed.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2.  
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On the motion that the House go into Committee on the Chain Cables and Anchors Bills, Mr. M. Gibson moved that the bill be referred to a Select Committee.

After some discussion this was agreed to.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3.  
HOUSE OF LORDS.

The business before the House of Lords was not of great public importance.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## GOLD COIN FOR INDIA.

In reply to Col. Sykes and Mr. Vanittart, Sir C. WOOD said he was opposed to the introduction into India of gold tokens of the value of five or ten rupees, as well as to the revival of the old gold mohur of 30s. value. He would prefer the introduction of the English sovereign into our Indian dependencies.

## THE POST OFFICE.

In answer to Mr. Hopwood, Mr. F. PEEL said there were grave objections to forwarding letters posted at the General Post Office on Sundays, as 20,000 letters were posted on that day, to dispatch which would require a force of twenty-five men.

## ARMY ESTIMATES.

On the motion for going into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, Mr. H. BAILLIE entered into a lengthened statement to show that reductions in the Army were not advisable.

Colonel EDWARDS deprecated the discontinuance this year of the assembling of the Yeomanry Cavalry for their accustomed six days' training, and made a motion to that effect, which, after some discussion and an explanation by Lord Palmerston that it was done from motives of economy, was negatived by a majority of one.

The House then went into Committee, and a discussion of the Estimates occupied the remainder of the sitting.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are obliged to "A Constant Reader" for his note. We have also to thank several of our Dublin friends for their sketches of the recent launch on the banks of the Liffey.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to state that contributions to our "Feuilleton" page from writers who are unknown to us are not desired, and that we cannot charge ourselves with the return of manuscripts, the forwarding of which to our office, as we have on several occasions stated, we do not invite.

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

## THE GAS.

ABOUT seven years ago, as many of our readers may remember, the privileges of the metropolitan gas companies were placed upon a different footing to that upon which they had previously stood. Before 1857, a consumer had his selection of two or more companies, each eager for his custom. After that date each company obtained a monopoly of its own especial district. The result was predicted confidently enough, at the period of the change, by a shrewd minority, who foretold that the public, deprived of the advantages arising from competition, would thenceforth lie entirely at the mercy of the gas companies.

The reason for the alteration was plausible enough in itself, so far as it went. It was urged that so often as the tubes of one company needed repair, so often were the roads of a neighbourhood disturbed; and that it frequently happened that no sooner had one company restored a thoroughfare than another again rendered it impassable, and that thus the process was carried on until our chief thoroughfares became useless during the greater portion of the year.

So the regulation, allotting a special district to each company, passed into law. Sufficient time has been allowed for the public to appreciate, if not to admire, the consequences. All that the opponents of the measure urged against it has come to pass. The monopoly is at present almost intolerable. The price charged for gas is known to be at least twenty-five per cent beyond that which ought to be a reasonable remuneration. The gas itself is either so scanty in supply or so vile in quality that its advantages in households are daily, or, rather, nightly, becoming more questionable. From a single burner, scarcely two feet from the paper on which we write, we can scarcely obtain the need-

ful illumination, except at such time as every other jet in the house has been extinguished and the shops in the neighbourhood have all turned off their lights. We draw aside the window-blind, and see the street lamps scarcely, if at all, brighter than in the old days of oil, more than thirty years ago.

Meanwhile, the roadways are almost as often disturbed as heretofore. For the companies do not gain all the advantage, although their profits are higher than formerly. We believe that the matter stands thus:—all the profit is expended in leakage, occasioned by the continued use of old and decaying iron pipes, which, instead of conveying the whole quantity of carburetted hydrogen intrusted to them, combine chemically with about a fourth of it, or saturate the earth, and thus exhaust what would otherwise be the exorbitant profit of the companies.

The point comes before us in another way. A project is proposed for the establishment of subways, so that all the subterranean system of London—including sewage, gas, and water—could be carried out and receive constant attention without continual disturbance of the surface. To this the companies object; for, say they, with our leaky pipes, which would commingle the air in the subways with hydrogen, an explosive gaseous compound would be formed which, upon the accidental contact of a flame, would suffice to destroy whole streets.

There is yet another view of the matter. Wherever a gas-factory—and there are many such—is situated within the metropolis, there is established a centre whence radiates a whole neighbourhood of squalor, poverty, and disease. No improvement can ever reach that infected neighbourhood—no new streets, no improved dwellings, not even a garden, is possible within a circle of at least a quarter of a mile in diameter, and not so much as a geranium can flourish in a window-sill. The ground occupied and tainted by the Westminster Gasworks alone would fetch incalculably more, if devoted to improvements, than the factory could realise in a century, and yet the nuisance must remain. Why? Because the works cannot be removed to a distance on account of the leakage of the pipes.

It is always the same excuse. For the badness of the light, for the continual disturbance of the roads, for the non-acceptance of the subways, for the small profits of the companies, for the intolerable nuisance—not to say awful danger—of the works in our densely inhabited neighbourhoods, for the obstruction to the improvement of towns and cities—the same apology is made to do duty. The pipes leak. Of course they do; and the cause is clear enough. Iron is useful in many ways, but it is not a fitting conductor for hydrogen, which corrodes, decomposes, and, in process of time, converts it into something which is not iron, but a mass of honeycombed rust, or ferruginous earth, as any one who has ever intelligently observed an old gas tube can testify of his own knowledge. There is but one course open to the companies—they must use some more suitable material for their conduits. It is not for us to suggest what this should be, though the problem may be—nay, we are assured is—a simple one enough to any civil engineer. We speak only on behalf of the public, to whom the nuisances attendant upon gas are rapidly counterbalancing its advantages. If the companies resolutely stand upon their monopoly and persist in opposing any amendment of their present system, the result must inevitably be a combination, on the part of householders at least, to adopt some of the many modern improvements in oil-lamps for domestic use, and, by a judicious arrangement of tallow dips for the kitchen, moderators for the sitting-room, and wax candles for special occasions, meet the difficulty by abandoning the use of gas altogether.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES held a Levée, on behalf of her Majesty, on Wednesday, at St. James's Palace.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES will hold a Drawingroom, on behalf of the Queen, on the 19th inst., on which occasion it is not expected that gentlemen will be present, except in attendance upon ladies of their families.

THE MARRIAGE OF the Count de Paris with the eldest daughter of the Duke de Montpensier will take place early in May, at Claremont.

LORD PALMERSTON, it is said, offered Thackeray's daughters pensions from the Literary Fund, which they declined.

THE DANISH RELIEF COMMITTEES have already remitted to Copenhagen about £3000 of the funds placed in their hands.

MAJOR SWINDLEY, who gave evidence against Colonel Crawley at the late court-martial, has been placed upon half-pay by the Commander-in-Chief.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AND FIELD DAY, on Easter Monday, will take place on Farley Heath, near Guildford.

THE THAMES TUNNEL has been sold to the East London Railway Company for £173,600.

MR. H. JONES, of Furnival's Inn, has been chosen Architect to the City of London, in place of the late Mr. Bunning.

A REFORM CONFERENCE is to be held in the Free-trade Hall, Manchester, on the 5th and 6th of April, similar to that held in Leeds in November, 1861, and in London in May, 1862.

THE SEIZURE OF THE STEAMER PRINCESS AT MALAGA, mentioned in our last week's Number, was made with the cognisance of the British Consul.

AT BUCKINGHAM, on Saturday, a young man named Stevens murdered a girl called Leeson, and afterwards cut his own throat. But faint hopes are entertained of his recovery. He was a rejected suitor of the poor girl.

A SERIOUS VOLCANIC ERUPTION occurred in Java on the 25th of January, by which all the towns in the neighbourhood of the mountains Merapi and Klot have been buried in ashes and lava, and at least 350 lives lost.

FOURTEEN COWS strayed into the nurseries of Castle Howard, Yorkshire, and ate profusely of the yews and laurels. Ten of them died the same night.

A WOMAN NAMED MADEIRA ONOFRI has just died in an asylum in Rome, aged over 121, having been born in November, 1742. She retained her intellectual faculties to the last.

A COLLIERY EXPLOSION took place on Wednesday in the neighbourhood of Hanley, in the Potteries, by which two persons lost their lives and three others were seriously injured.

THE QUEEN has authorised the removal of twelve pictures connected with the history of Scotland from Hampton Court to Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. ROUFFELL, the forger, is in a convict gang employed on the Portsmouth fortifications.

THE YEAR'S CROP OF SUGAR in the colony of Natal is estimated at 3000 tons, and the prices are now such as to put the growers into high spirits. The increase in the number of banks has materially reduced the price of money.

A BOTTLE was picked up at St. Francis Bay which was thrown overboard 322 miles south of Cape Town, thus proving that a north-easterly current sets in from the south of the Cape of Good Hope.

DR. LANKESTER has made a calculation, and ascertained that in the course of three years as many females had lost their lives by fire in the metropolis as were sacrificed from the same cause at Santiago; namely, over 2500.

AN OFFICIAL NOTIFICATION of the blockade of the coast of Holstein and Schleswig has been issued by the Government of Denmark, except those parts which are now, or may hereafter be, in the possession of that Power.

A LARGE STEAM-BOILER exploded on Tuesday at the ironworks of Messrs. Johnson, West Bromwich, by which seven persons were killed, thirteen others shockingly injured, and a large amount of damage done to the works and surrounding property.

THE CALEDONIAN, London and Perth steamer, was wrecked off Flamborough Head on Sunday afternoon. The crew and passengers were saved, but the ship and cargo will be all but a total loss.

THERE IS A MAN now living at Hilgay, near Downham, Norfolk, named John Naylor, who was born at Laken-heath, Norfolk, on the 1st of May, 1759, and who, consequently, will complete his 105th year on the 1st of May next. He still enjoys excellent health.

THE POPE has given an official denial to the statement of the Milan papers that King Victor Emmanuel is on excellent terms with him, and continues to keep up a friendly correspondence with him. The denial states that his Holiness entertains no relations whatever with the Italian King.

THE REMOVAL OF MIDDLE-ROW, HOLBORN, has been brought before the Metropolitan Board of Works, on the recommendation of the local district board. Except the viaduct over Holborn Valley, no greater improvement could be effected in that important portion of the metropolis.

SIR ALEXANDER MILNE, whose term of service as Commander-in-Chief on the North American station has just expired, has been made a military Knight Commander of the Bath. He previously held like rank in the civil division. The same honour has been conferred on Admiral Kuper, of Kagoshima fame.

A COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL, which has had under consideration the question of precedence of the Corporations of Dublin and Edinburgh, have decided that no right of precedence belongs to either city, and that, in future, deputations to the Queen or the Royal family shall be presented in the order in which they arrive at Court.

ANOTHER SUBSTANTIAL DECREASE—2029—has taken place in the number of persons receiving parochial relief in the cotton-manufacturing districts. Mr. Farnall, in a report he has made to the Poor-law Board, gives it as his opinion that by the end of March the Central Committee will be in a position to suspend their onerous duties.

MR. HEWITT, a baker in Nottingham, was serving a customer, a few days ago, when the latter noticed a rat run behind a flour-bin. It was pursued by the baker and his apprentice. The latter attacked it with a stick, when it took refuge up the lad's back, between the coat and the lining on his shoulder, where it was killed.

IN THE YEAR ended Dec. 31, 1862, the number of rifles exported from this country amounted to 454,674. Of these 340,922 were sent to the northern ports of the United States, 8406 to Spain, 1867 to Italy, 1099 to Egypt, 7091 to Mexico, 2149 to South Africa, 603 to British India, 13,854 to Australia, 17,940 to Bermudas, 56,110 to Bahamas, and 5033 to "all other countries."

## ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

DORSETSHIRE.—Mr. Floyer, a Conservative, has been elected without opposition to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Ker Seymour.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—The candidates in the field for the representation of this county, vacant by the death of Mr. Fuller, are the Hon. Mr. Cowper, brother of Earl Cowper, on the Liberal side; and Mr. Henry Edward Sturtess, on the Conservative. The election takes place on Tuesday next, the 8th inst.

THE BULL AND THE TRAIN.—A few days ago a bull which was standing at Minthorpe railway station, Perthshire, became excited and broke from his keepers, running along the Fife and Kinross Railway towards Ladybank at a fearful rate. Instant chase was given, but the infuriated animal rushed on for about two miles, till, on nearing Mawcarse station, it observed a train coming up. This apparently increased the bull's fury, for he at once bent down his head and prepared to do battle with the approaching engine. His boldness, however, was shortlived, for in a few moments the train came down upon him, and, as may be supposed, he was killed on the spot. No injury resulted to the train or the passengers.

RETIREMENT OF SIR ROWLAND HILL.—The public will learn with regret that the state of Sir Rowland Hill's health has obliged him to resign the secretaryship of the General Post Office, and to retire from the public service, if not in a critical or dangerous condition, at all events a worn-out and exhausted man, still retaining, indeed, all the inclination and intellectual capacity to be useful, but with a shattered nervous system—the consequence of long and unsparring work, which has established in his case also that discordance between mind and body under which too many of the best servants of the public break down. Six months ago the Government suggested to Sir Rowland Hill a period of repose, trusting again to have the continued benefit of his exertions; but repose has not brought back the wonted vigour, and Sir Rowland, feeling that his time for work was over, has conscientiously accepted the warning, and, without reference to pecuniary interest, has retired, leaving a name identified with ever-present familiar benefits and claims on the nation which it is for the public, in its own interests, to enforce.

## FRENCH COLONIAL TYPES—A MULATTO GIRL OF MARTINIQUE.

CONTINUING our occasional illustrations of the types of French and French colonial life, we come to a sketch of a mulatto girl in the island of Martinique, a drawing (taken from the life) of one of those women who are at once so far removed from, and are yet so near to, both black and white parent. Martinique, which was settled originally, in 1635, by a party of about a hundred men, headed by a French planter from St. Christopher, was at that time inhabited by Caribs, who were eventually exterminated. Three times taken by the English (in 1762, 1794, and 1810), and finally restored to the French in 1814, this island is now entirely a colony of France, and one, too, of considerable importance, since Port Royal is so commodious that during the war, and while the island was in the possession of the English, it was made the principal rendezvous and head-quarters of the West India fleet. Martinique is well intersected by streams, too; and its coast is indented with numerous bays and inlets, which form capital harbours. St. Pierre, its capital, is said to be the handsomest town in the West Indies, its three spacious streets running parallel to the beach. Most of the streets are neat, regular, and clearly; while the high houses have more the air of European houses than those of the English colonies. Some of the streets have an avenue of trees which overshadow the footpath, and on each side are deep gutters down which the water flows. There are five or six book-sellers' houses, and we may be sure that the fashions are well displayed in other shops. The French colonists, whether Creoles or French, regard the West Indies as their country, and cast no wistful looks towards France. It will be seen from this slight sketch that even here, according to their custom, the French people have carried their mode of living with them, and the opportunities for gaiety and display are not lost upon the mulatto or coloured population. All of them (the women at least) have a marvellous appreciation of the graces of the toilet, and even the handkerchief—the traditional negro head-dress—is improved into a brilliant if eccentric parure. It would seem that love of colour and rich attire, even to a degree which reaches the bizarre, is inherent in the very constitution of the negro, and is transmitted, with some refinement, to the mulatto. It takes a striking form in the dark beauties of Martinique, who combine in their dresses rich laces, stuffs of flaming colours, and of all colours intermixed, bright feathers of tropical birds, and large-sized jewellery. These things are worn with real grace, however, for most of the women are tall and of irreproachable symmetry; the Portrait which we publish being no exception to those which may be frequently found both here and in the American colonies.

The mulattos are, properly speaking, the children of a pure black and a pure white parent; but there are, of course, many degrees of descent, all of whom count as mulattos, or coloured people. They all appear to have one peculiarity in common, however—that of despising or affecting to despise the negroes, from whom it is often difficult to distinguish them. Their nearness to the negro may be detected more in the style of speech and degree of intelligence than by personal appearance, for, as we have said, many of them are singularly handsome, and although they retain the receding appearance of the upper part of the face, have well-formed and frequently pretty features, which harmonise well with their gay and brilliant costumes, and are relieved and rendered more piquant by the original headdress of the country.





THE ALEXANDRA VASE, PRESENTED TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES BY DANES RESIDENT IN GREAT BRITAIN.—(IES BARKENTIN, DESIGNER.)



REVERSE MEDALLION OF THE ALEXANDRA VASE:  
QUEEN DAGMAR INTERCEDING WITH HER HUSBAND  
WALDEMAR THE VICTORIOUS IN BEHALF OF SOME  
IMPRISONED PEASANTS.—SEE PAGE 154.



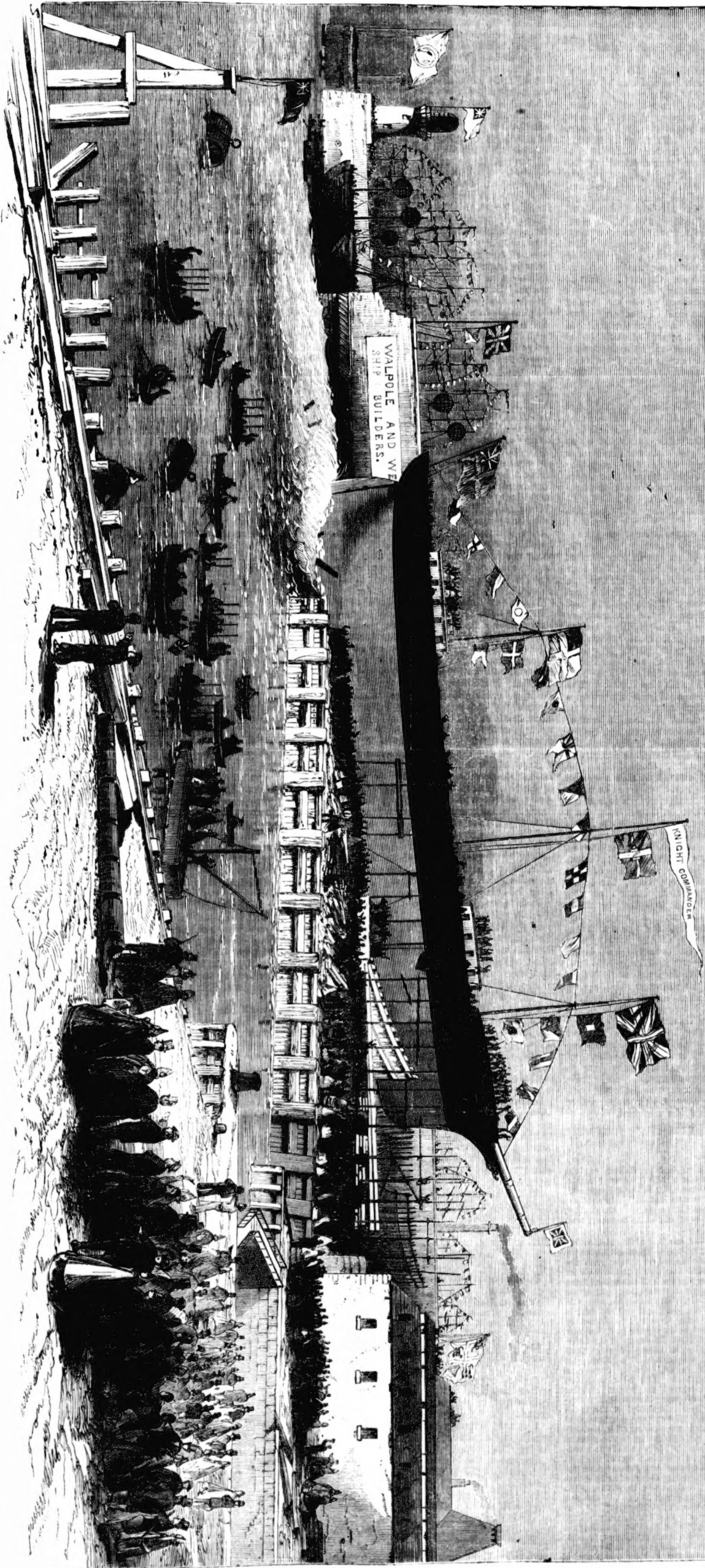
A MULATTO WOMAN OF MARTINIQUE.



# LAUNCH OF AN IRON STEAM-SHIP AT DUBLIN.

Is the Thames or the Clyde the launch of a first-class ship, constructed on the most favoured model and of the most approved materials, is an event of too frequent occurrence to excite more than a mere passing interest. It is otherwise, however, in Ireland, where shipbuilding has never been extensively practised, and where improvements in any department of industry seem slower of development than in the two other divisions of the kingdom. Accordingly, the launch of the iron steam-ship Knight Commander, on the banks of the Liffey, on Wednesday, the 24th ult., was an occurrence which caused no small stir in the Irish

LAUNCH OF THE KNIGHT COMMANDER (THE FIRST IRON SHIP BUILT ON THE BANKS OF THE LIFFEY) FROM NORTH WALL YARD, DUBLIN.—(FROM A SKETCH BY J. D. MOLOONEY.)



capital, from the fact that the vessel was the first iron ship that had ever been constructed in Ireland. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and a large company were present on the occasion, the task of "christening" the ship being performed by the Marchioness of Kildare. The launch was accomplished in a highly satisfactory manner, the vessel, as she glided into the river, being saluted by the guns of her Majesty's ship Ajax, and by the enthusiastic cheers of about 20,000 spectators. The Knight Commander belongs to Messrs. Cairley and Geddes, of Liverpool, and is designed for the Calcutta trade. Much labour had to be expended ere a commencement could be made in the construction of the ship, as

there was no accommodation whatever for such operations on the banks of the Liffey. Several months were occupied in preparing ground for the building of the vessel, for which purpose piles were driven into the swampy margin of the stream, on which an embankment was formed, the site of which was formerly covered at every flowing of the tide. Sheds and workshops were erected on this artificial shore, where about three hundred Irish workmen have been busy for the last twelvemonth, under skilled English and Scotch shipwrights or engineers, in building this fine iron steam-vessel, the keel of which was laid in January, 1863. Her length over all is 230 ft.; between perpendiculars, 210 ft.; keel, 200 ft.; breadth of beam (moulded),

36 ft. 6 in.; depth of hold, 25 ft. 3 in.; registered tonnage, 1416 tons; burden, 2200 tons. Her lower masts, bowsprit, and some of the yards are of steel, manufactured by Messrs. Catlo, Miller, and Co., and the standing rigging is of steel wire. The same shipbuilders, Messrs. Walpole, Webb, and Bowley, of North Wall, are now constructing a very swift passenger-steamer to ply between Dublin and Kingstown, besides a ship of 1200 tons and several smaller craft. We trust that the Knight Commander will prove the forerunner of many other ships, built either of iron or of wood, at Dublin and elsewhere, in the sister island, and that a valuable field of industry will thus be opened up to the enterprise of Irishmen.



## PRESENTATIONS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE presentation of gifts to the Princess of Wales has not ceased even yet, although about twelve months have elapsed since her Royal Highness's arrival amongst us. Two such presentations took place at Marlborough House on Tuesday—the one gift being the Alexandra vase, from the Danish residents in Great Britain; and the other the national token of South Wales.

The Danish wedding gift, which has been designed and executed in oxidized silver by Mr. Iles Barker, an Anglo-Dane, is in the form of a vase, and has been designated by the name of her Royal Highness. The form of the "Alexandra Vase," which, with its base, is 3 ft. 6 in. in height, has been studied from the purest Greek models; but the ornamentation is Scandinavian throughout, and the figures in the various groups are all illustrative of either the mythology or the history of ancient Denmark. Upon the body of the vase and its neck and handles the most characteristic of the traditional myths of the North are indicated in groups of figures executed in *repoussé* work in very low relief. Here are the Scandinavian Fates and the deities and heroes of the Walhalla, with the skilled artificer dwarfs, the battle of Aserne, the death of Balder, &c. On either side is a large medallion of nine figures, one of them equestrian, in the highest relief; the projection of these figures, however, has been carefully subordinated to the contour of the vase. In one medallion, Queen Thyra Dannebod appears superintending the building of the Danneværk, and encouraging the workers in their labour; and in the other medallion Queen Dagmar is represented interceding with her husband, Waldemar the Victorious, on behalf of a number of imprisoned peasants. Seated within the handles, the figures of Idun and Freia are introduced; and the cover supports a statuette of Canute, the Royal Anglo-Dane, with his crown and sceptre and mantle of state, as he would have appeared when he rose from his chair beside the advancing waters of the flowing tide. Below, on a boss in the stem of the vase, are small medallion portraits of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, alternating with the armorial bearings of the Heir Apparent of England, and those of Denmark as they are borne without any heraldic difference by the Princess. The vase itself is encircled with this inscription:—"Brudegave til Danmarks Datter fra Danske Mænd og Kvinder i Storbritannien"—Bridal Gift to Denmark's Daughter from Danish Men and Women in Great Britain. Upon the base, in low-relief, are representations of a Viking fleet, a group of barrows, Druidical circles, and the monogram of the Princess, with the date of the marriage of her Royal Highness. The presentation was made by a deputation of the subscribers, headed by Consul-General Westenholtz, Mr. M. L. Simonsen, Mr. F. Delcomyn, of London, and Messrs. C. Good and O. Bröchner, of Hull.

The South Wales "token," which was manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, consists of a bouquet in emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, composed of sprigs of trefoil and oak in flower, ears of wheat, and mistletoe with berries, the bardic emblems of the four seasons, united with a bow of dark blue enamel, on which is the following motto in diamonds:—"Duw Gadow ein Tywysoges ni." (May God preserve our own Princesses.) These plants and flowers are also typical of the aspirations of the contributors for the future welfare of the Princess of Wales. The centre of the bow is transfigured with a diamond pin, from which the leek (the badge of Wales) is suspended by a gold chain. The leek is mounted on diamonds thrown out in high relief, and the leaves and buds are formed of emeralds of various tints. The bulb is of pearl, with gold fibres sprinkled with brilliants. The whole is inclosed in a richly-wrought frame of gold and enamel in cinque-cento style, studded with diamonds and emeralds, to which there are three pendants with enamel pictures, in frames enriched with emeralds and diamonds. The centre pendant represents St. David, Archbishop of Caerleon, in South Wales, and the patron saint of the Principality. On the right hand the dragon of Wales (the banner and crest of the Principality, recorded since the time of Cadwaladr, the last native King elected to rule over the tribes of Britain). The pendant on the left side contains the arms of Wales in enamel—viz., four lions counterchanged gules and or, which were borne as the quartering for Wales on Queen Elizabeth's seal. The token also comprised a bracelet, in the centre of which was a fine emerald surrounded by diamonds, the circle formed of leeks entwined with a scroll bearing the following motto in diamonds:—"O Ddeheudir Cymru iddeu Tywysoges." (From South Wales to their Princesses.) The leaves and bud of the leeks are composed of emeralds, the bulbs of pearls, the fibres of gold set with fine brilliants. The prevalent colours of the precious stones of the bouquet, badge, and bracelet are those of the Tudor Sovereigns—white and green. A very elaborately chased casket had also been provided for the reception of these beautiful objects of art and proofs of the loyalty and patriotism of South Wales. On a gold plate over the lock is an inscription in Welsh, of which the following is a translation:—"National Token of South Wales to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. Counties Brecon, Cardigan, Carmarthen, Monmouth, Glamorgan, Radnor, Pembroke." The several counties of the Principality were represented as follows:—County of Brecon, Lady Frances Pratt; county of Cardigan, Mrs. Saunders Davies; county of Monmouth, Lady Llanover; county of Glamorgan, the Countess Dowager of Dunraven; county of Radnor, Lady Jane Walsh. The representative of the county of Pembroke, the Countess of Cadwall, and the representative of the county of Carmarthen, Lady Mary Hamlyn Williams, were unavoidably absent. The presentation, with great appropriateness, took place on St. David's Day, the 1st of March, and each lady composing the deputation wore a leek composed of pearl and silver. Their servants also wore the national badge of Wales, while the horses attached to the carriages were decorated with rosettes of green and white ribbon.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN CURLING.—This distinguished gentleman expired on the 10th ult. He was favourably known to the public by several novels, of which we may mention "The Soldier of Fortune," "John of England," "Edith Frankheart," and "Recollections of Rifleman Harris." His mother, aged ninety-seven, still survives, a venerable relic of the Hutchinson family, so renowned since the publication of the memoirs of one of its members who bore a Colonel's commission in the great Civil War.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BEAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Lewis, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, a reward of £25 was voted to the crew of the Redcar life-boat of the Institution for saving the crew of seven men from the schooner Brothers, of Whitby, which, during a storm on the night of the 17th ult., was wrecked on some rocks off Redcar. The life-boat, which is the oldest in the kingdom, was stove in on the occasion, and was afterwards found to be affected with dry rot. Messrs. John Crossley and Sons, of Halifax, have liberally promised to the institution to defray the cost of a new life-boat for this important station. The Holyhead life-boat of the institution had also been instrumental in bringing to places of safety, at great risk and with much exertion, the brigantine Boa Nova, of Oporto, the schooner Britannia, and their crews, which, during a gale of wind, were observed in dangerous positions. The New Brighton tubular life-boat of the society had also rendered important services to the ship Contest, of Liverpool, whose crew were found by the life-boat off the Mersey, completely exhausted. The silver medal of the institution was voted to Mr. W. C. Buck, R.N., chief officer of the coastguard at Winchelsea, Sussex, and £1 each to five of his men, for putting off in a coast-guard boat and saving, at much risk of life, a poor fellow from the sunken fishing-boat Thetis, of Jersey. On returning to the shore one of the coast-guard men, named George Perry, was unfortunately washed out of the boat and perished. The institution voted £10 in aid of the local subscription for his widow. Various other rewards were likewise granted for saving by shore-boats and other means thirty-four persons from various wrecks. Mrs. M. A. Hopkins and her daughter presented to the institution £200, to pay the cost of the Blackpool life-boat, as a memorial of the late R. W. Hopkins, Esq. It was reported that Sir John Pakington, Bart., M.P., had kindly promised to preside over the annual meeting of the society to be held at the London Tavern on the 15th inst. The institution had sent, during the past month, new life-boats to Palling, Norfolk; and to Green-castle, near Londonderry. It was stated that Messrs. Forrest, the life-boat builders, had now fourteen life-boats constructing for the institution. Payments amounting to £228 having been made on various life-boat establishments, the proceedings terminated.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

It is never safe to announce that Lord Palmerston is unwell, for it is ten to one that before the ink gets dry upon the paper he will be well again and in his place in Parliament. Last week I said that his Lordship was again laid up by a cold and a touch of the gout; and so he was at the time I was writing, but before the Paper was published he had shaken off his cold, and, bidding defiance to the gout, had resumed his duties in the House, and spoken with all his accustomed liveliness and vigour. When we are young we think little of a cold, even in winter; but when we get to be old it is rather a serious business. Still his Lordship thinks no more of a cold than a schoolboy does. "Is Palmerston here?" asked a member one night last week. "No; he has a bad cold," was the reply. "Ah, a cold is a serious thing to a man of his age. I never knew so many people carried off by cold as we have had this year." And then, shaking his head, "I hope he will be careful, for nothing is more dangerous to an old man of eighty than a cold." And all this is very true; but, lo! just as the conversation had finished, who should march through the lobby, in his usual way, without even the aid of a walking-stick, but the noble Premier himself.

And, now I am on the subject, I may notice that our old friend Mr. Williams, of Lambeth, has once more turned up in the House of Commons, contrary to all expectation; for of him we had heard that he was prostrated by something much more serious than a cold. On Monday, however, he walked to his place with a copy of the Navy Estimates in his hand, and shortly afterwards was up making a speech. But his work is clearly done. No one could hear a word that he said; and, if his friends are wise, they will keep the good old gentleman at home. A kindly, worthy, honest old gentleman is Mr. Williams. He originally came from the Principality, and, like most emigrants, has in his old age turned his thoughts to the home of his youth. He has built and endowed a school there; and but lately has offered a thousand pounds towards establishing a Welsh college.

The inhabitants of Falmouth have begun in good earnest an agitation to get the foreign mail-packets—the Royal Mail, the Peninsular and Oriental, &c.—back to that port. They have published a statement, with map, which statement lies before me. By this it appears that, now the railway to London is completed, mail-bags landed at Falmouth would be in London twenty-four hours earlier than they would be if landed at Southampton. Moreover, Falmouth has a harbour vastly superior to that at Southampton. Will, then, the packets be transferred? I think they will. If the Southampton people had not rejected the Government candidate at the last election, political influence might have delayed this change for a time; but Southampton has thrown away that card. Falmouth has not only great advantages to offer, but political influence to back them; for Mr. T. G. Baring, the Under-Secretary for India, and Mr. Samuel Gurney, represent the borough—both names of potency, one in the political world and the other in the City. Moreover, the Post Office authorities, I have heard, are strongly for the transfer, as they naturally would be; for our Post Office authorities are always on the alert when time is to be saved.

When the Conservatives get into office—which they will not do this year—Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald is to be in the Cabinet, I hear. It is said that he will make this elevation a *sine qua non*. And he will get it; for the party in the House of Commons is so barren of able men that a man of Mr. Fitzgerald's abilities must be retained at any price. The rumour still holds that in this prospective, and I may say somewhat visionary, Government Disraeli is to be Foreign Secretary and Sir Stafford Northcote Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pakington will, of course, go to the Admiralty as First Lord. Meanwhile, did you notice a letter in the *Times* touching Reed's ships, written by Lord Robert Montagu, in which he sneers at the egotism of the First Lord *in esse*? This shows us that there is still discord in the Conservative ranks.

My position, that Bernal Osborne's motion to postpone Supply for three weeks was a vote of want of confidence has been disputed. Let me strengthen it, then. The Mutiny Acts expire on the 25th of April. If they be not renewed before that date we shall have no Army, and our Navy will have no men. These bills cannot be brought in before the men are voted. By postponing Supply, therefore, Mr. Bernal Osborne would have postponed the mutiny bills and imperilled the services. And a proposition to do this is not a vote of want of confidence? Then what is it? There is not a single authority that does not tell us that this is the strongest form in which a vote of want of confidence can be put; and there is not a statesman living who would keep his place in a Government a day after the carrying of such a proposal.

Poor National Shakespeare Committee! Cannot even the Right Hon. W. Cowper, the great Mr. Tite, and the other celebrities that form the new Council of Nine, galvanise you into the semblance of life again? Members one after another have seceded, we all know; but this time report says that one of the treasurers has resigned his office. Sir Richard Kirby, Accountant-General, finding, I presume, that there was no prospect of any money being subscribed by the public for him to take care of, has resigned his functions. Sir Richard is wise to scorn such a sinecure.

I have found some very charming "bits" in the fourth number of *L'Autographe*. Here is one of M. Henri Alexandre Peupin, the Empress's treasurer:—"Gold is a chimera for those who have not a sou."

There is a letter from Marat the execrable, in which the monster says, "My sensibility, my dear Count, not permitting me to assist at the opening of the body of a friend (Marat, be it remembered, was a surgeon by profession) I shall be represented by M. Boyer," &c.

Marat wrote a good bold hand, every letter of every word is well formed and legible. The i's and j's are all dotted, the t's crossed; and he was evidently fond of short phrases and full stops—two things that betray firmness and decision of character. To those who interest themselves in the study of that wonderful Revolution, that was at the same time theological, political, moral, and social, it is interesting to know how Marat the Sanguinary wrote the word *cadavre*.

M. Guillaume Guizot, the laureate of the Academy, gives a very pretty couplet:—

Une mère, un enfant (enfant aimez la votre),  
Sont deux anges gardiens qui se gardent l'un l'autre.

That is to say, in your Lounger's doggerel translation:—

A mother and child (oh! child, love thy mother)  
Are two guardian angels to guard one another.

Béranger writes a charming hand—the exact sort of hand Béranger should write. He says, in his advice to a young poet:—

As to the idea you have of my superiority, put some limits to it. My monarchy, like others, is subject to events; and, old as I am, I may yet know the fate of the Kings of our times. Why should not you become president of a lyrical republic (republique chansonnier)?

I should say that the above is dated from Passy, on the 6th of June, 1848.

Poor is the flower that exhales no perfume,  
Poor is the soul that never has known love.

writes Ristori, or rather Adelaide Ristori del Grillo, in very choice Italian and in very musical caligraphy. Rather Valentine—y or bonbon-motto lines, whoever may have been their author.

I cannot attempt to describe the handwriting, or footwriting, whichever it may be, of the Japanese Ambassadors, except as a confusing combination of the characters on chemists' bottles and the inkmarks on the blotting-pad of a juvenile just in roundhand.

*L'Autographe* is full of good things—too many even to touch on here. I can find space, however, to mention a love-letter of Mirabeau's; and a delightful rondeau of Alfred de Musset's—easy and flowing as Moore, and suggestive as Little; a clever quatrain of Emile Augier's and a love-letter of the First Napoleon's—the most illegible, unintelligible, undecipherable, and fly-leggy scrawl that ever spoilt pen or disfigured paper. Here it is—to the Princess Borghese:—"Comment vous portez-vous, belle Princesse?" (Will not hero-worshippers be delighted with this original opening?—so fragrant of a heart and mind truly great.) "Etes-vous bien fatiguée? Que faites-vous aujourd'hui? A midi, mardi, —N."

There is a facsimile of a letter from M. Thiers, dated as late as last October, in which he says that he is "inconsolable for the sacrifice he has made in accepting work again. Adieu! history! Adieu! the arts!—history, which teaches everything; the arts, which console us for everything. But if I had refused it would have been said that my faith in certain truths and my zeal in their defence had wavered."

Bravo, M. Thiers! Much as your compatriots talk of glory, it is pleasant to find one Frenchman, at least, who speaks of duty.

While on this subject, I may say that I have seen the second number of the *Autographic Mirror*, and that it is better than the first. The tombstone style of the biographical notices has—except in one case, where it is not inappropriate—disappeared. Number II. contains facsimiles of letters from Christian IV. of Denmark, from Sir Philip Sidney, George Washington, Nelson, Count Nesselrode, Prince Metternich, General Dumouriez, the late Lord Ellesmere, Coleridge, the Countess of Derby (*née* Eliza Farren), Mrs. Trollope, Charles Keane, Charles Mathews, John Leach, and Thackeray. There are also original sketches by these two last. Dionysius Diddler is again the theme of the caricature of our recently lost genius. The student of Ballyunion is treated with characteristic causticity of both pen and pencil.

One of the piquant and bitter notices for which the *Saturday Review* is famous contained last week so admirable an anecdote, that I must retail it here from memory, for I have not the number by me:—"I expect six clergymen to dine with me on such a day," said a gentleman to his butler. "Very good, Sir," said the butler. "Are they High Church or Low Church, Sir?" "What on earth can that signify to you?" asked the astonished master. "Everything, Sir," was the reply. "If they are High Church, they'll drink; if they are Low Church, they'll eat!"

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## THE MAGAZINES.

It is not cheerful work, reading the magazines. Much of the periodical writing of the day is terribly deformed by insincerities, of which two may be particularly mentioned. One is deliberate pandering, in the shape of incorrect, or, at least disputed, things slipped in by the way. You may know when an imperfectly informed writer is pandering to readers less informed by very easy signs. What the writer says on those occasions is usually quite gratuitous; he steps out of his way to say it; and, again, it is always on some very safe side. Mostly, it is an insinuation against a helpless minority, and addressed with a chuckle to a flourishing majority. The other thing to be mentioned is the enormous amount of hypocritical moralising which is printed from the pens of writers who show, in every line, a debauched mind. This kind of writing is still more easily detected. It deals largely in sneers and invective; it insinuates unnecessary information about vice, and it always appeals to police regulations, clergymen, fathers of families, and an enlightened press—never to the conscience. The writers, having no consciences themselves, rely chiefly upon bludgeon and bull's-eye for the keeping of things straight, and in that vein they write their magazine and newspaper articles, ostensibly for the sake of public morals, but really for the sake of being "spicy."

Blackwood, Fraser, and Macmillan I postpone until next week. The first, especially, contains matter of which the readers of the *ILLUSTRATED TIMES* will be glad to hear more than could be said in the space that a general notice of the magazines can afford; so I pass on to a magazine which will be on every table.

Hundreds of readers will buy the *Cornhill* this month, for the sake of the beautiful steel-engraved portrait of Mr. Thackeray, from that original which is almost universally said to give the best idea of the face we shall see no more—the drawing by Mr. Lawrence. "Denis Duval," I take it for granted, everybody will read. Denis is an offshoot from a family of French exiles, and the story which he has begun to relate (in the autobiographical form) opens with a gloomy power that is very impressive. Moral conflict of Huguenot and Romanist types, an unhappy husband and wife, an elopement from France to England, and a duel, in which the husband is killed; all this, and more, is crowded into the opening of the last story Mr. Thackeray ever wrote, and which promises to be extremely characteristic. Mr. Trollope is better than usual this month with his "Small House at Allington." There is a very interesting paper about "Phosphorus and Civilization," which raises the question, what is to become of us if we go on wasting in sewage, in lucifers, and by our present system of burial, the phosphates which are necessary to vigorous life? The papers on "The Theatre in China," "The Fashion of Furniture," "The Two Aspects of History," and "The Forest of Essex," are all capital. Not so "Sentence of Death Recorded," which is an imposition. At first, you think it is a nice essay; but, on a second glance, you find it to be alike slovenly and unmeaning, literally crammed with the queerest solecisms, contradictions, and blind alleys of signification. One of the quotations is a curiosity, "heroic wisdom set to perfect words." This, one presumes, is meant for "perfect music set to noble words," from "The Princess." But, to pass from a disagreeable subject, what a startling story is "Margaret Denzil," and how very pretty is the little woodcut to the first chapter! Read the last month of this story and the present month, one close upon the other, and say if you do not think the writer has a very original sort of insight into the human heart, and a touch which hints at a great reserve of power. By all means read him if you can get beyond that fascinating little drawing of Margaret at the piano.

Temple Bar is a fair number. The poetry by "S. M." is really good. Both the leading stories hold their own very well, and the miscellaneous papers will pass.

London Society has nothing in it worth reading but "The Ordeal for Wives" and a paper called "How the Shareholders' Money Goes." The woodcut of the "Music-hall" is intensely vulgar; and I must ask the editor if he really intended to admit into his columns that little bit of *demi-monde* information which occurs at about the top of the second column of page 212?

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* barely escapes namby-pambyism, with the exceptions indicated in previous months, to which must now be added the papers on "Christian Art." The verses in this magazine are always below the usual magazine level.

Of the *St. James's*, the least said the soonest mended. The *Sirpenny Magazine* is a little better this time.

The *Intellectual Observer* is full of matter which will interest the general reader, notwithstanding its forbidding title, and dry, scientific air. One might instance the papers on "The Midnight Sun," on "Guns and Projectiles," and on "Insanity and Crime."

I cannot make up my mind that the new series of our old friend *Chambers's Journal* is an improvement. I may just mention that in the last part the very ancient story of the old maid who was "churched" by accident is cooked into a leading sketch, or story.

It is a very difficult thing to get up a perfectly harmless moral complication in a novel. To Mrs. Wood belongs, I think, the honour of being the first to "work" chloroform for the purpose of making such a complication. In her "Oswald Cray," in *Good Words*, she has done it to perfection, and left a medical gentleman in a situation as dreadful as can well be imagined.

*Weldon's Register* is extinct, owing, I am told, to unusual causes, and not to any falling off in the circulation. It deserves that a word should be said over its grave, because it was not only an honest and informing miscellany, with a line of its own, which bespoke an original conception, but it was (I used to think, when I saw it, which was seldom) an example of what is very uncommon—namely, true toleration; by which I mean fairness *all round*. It is notorious that the Old is usually unjust to the New; but it is not so well recognised that the New is commonly unjust to the Old. This fault *Weldon's Register* used to avoid, and, so doing, was capable of teaching a great lesson to propagandists. I am sorry, then, that it did not live long enough to acquire a position which would have enabled it to make its example more generally felt. But, after all, who knows what good it may have done? Among the most valued of my own books are two bound volumes of magazines that died in their babyhood, and that never numbered, either of them, a thousand subscribers.



## OUR FEUILLETON.

## THEATRICAL TYPES.

No. V.—OLD MEN.

THE actor on whom devolves the delineation of stage Old Men must be an artist of considerable versatility. The leading parts in tragedy all bear some resemblance to each other—or, at least, tragedians play them in exactly the same manner, which is much the same thing. Light comedy characters have all the same dash, banter, laugh, swagger, swindle, and assurance. A low comedian must always be industriously funny; but there are Serious Old Men and Comic Old Men, and there are different sorts of both.

One description of Serious Old Men is very happily termed by the French a "noble father," and the word "noble" must be understood to apply to exalted sentiment and incorruptible integrity, and high-mindedness and virtue—not to social rank. He is frequently a patrician of the loftiest nobility; and, in that phase, his consciousness of the purity of his blood, of the baseness of any mean fellow below the degree of a Duke, and his horror of a *mésalliance* would shame a real French Marquis of the year 1770. He is equally ready to disinherit as to curse degenerate offspring; and in his antipathy to grown-up children having any voice in such small matters as the choice of a profession or a partner for life, is as selfish and obstinate as any real father in real life, which is a somewhat round assertion.

The *père noble* is frequently plebeian by birth though patrician by nature; and when he is, his virtues are so intolerably virtuous that self-examining spectators almost wish to see him fall into the depths of sin, he is so annoyingly good, so exasperatingly beneficent. There is nothing more provoking to mere frail flesh and blood than a virtuous old peasant in a long, fleecy, silvery-white wig. When the disguised Prince, wrapped in a huge cloak and belated in the storm, knocks at the cottage of the V.O.P. (Virtuous Old Peasant) and asks for shelter, the V.O.P. improves the occasion in the irritating manner peculiar to him by saying,

"Enter, Sir Stranger; my roof is humble, but it is honest, and never did my door refuse to open its rusty hinges to the weary or the wayworn. Enter, Sir, and welcome, though my poor house boasts naught to offer to your Excellency but brown bread and integrity."

All this time this well-spoken and aggravating rustic has kept the wayworn traveller in the rain, hail, wind, snow, thunder, and lightning. The auditor with mere average good qualities endures much at the hands, or rather mouth, of the V.O.P., and feels a certain sense of gratified spite when the V.O.P.'s only daughter listens too eagerly to the too flattering tale of the Prince or Count, and elopes from a paternal roof whose virtue was only exceeded by its dulness. No wonder the poor girl runs away!

His child once fled from the paternal roof to the arms of a villain, the V.O.P. feels that he has not lived in vain. He takes down his hat and staff, and turns his full flood of metaphor upon his unfortunate wife, or "dame," who replies only by wiping the wettest of eyes on the whitest possible of aprons. Pocket-handkerchiefs are the attributes of a corrupt and vicious aristocracy; the feminine apron or the manly sleeve is the proper resource of the afflicted lowly. The contempt of the V.O.P. for money, considered as a styptic to a bleeding heart, is only equalled by the length of the silver hair to which he so frequently makes allusion. It is a portion of the aggravation of the plebeian *père noble* that, when he discovers that his child has been married to the man of her heart in the correctest way possible, family reasons having for a time compelled the contracting parties to keep their union secret, it only affords him another opportunity for tears. Tears are the V.O.P.'s specialty, and he turns them out with a facility unsurpassed by the immortal Job Trotter in immortal "Pickwick." "Bless you, my children! bless you!" sobs the emotional father, who then retires with his dame to the unrestricted use of apron and sleeve for the remainder of a well-spent and lachrymose existence.

Comic Old Men may also be divided into two classes. There is the impetuous or amatory old nobleman, who divides his time between dodging his creditors and making love to his friend's wife. This type is rich in the possession of coats and waistcoats, and pre-Raphaelite in respect of shirtfrills and wristbands. He is an amusing personage, and in that and all other respects the exact opposite of the V.O.P. He would marry his daughter to anybody who had money, even to a retired pork butcher, or to a Prince condemned by fairy power to be an ichthyosaurus six days out of the seven. "The estate is dipped," says the P.O.S. (Patrician Old Swindler), "and the Fitzbluesangroids came over with Norman Billy. The Fitzbluesangroids must have their place in the country, their town house, their stud, and opera-box. The world expects it of them. Without it we are nothing. Mudekunk is cad, Mudekunk is *canaille*, Mudekunk is *mauvais ton*; but Mudekunk is rich (here he dangles his eyeglass). My Clotilda knows what is due to her family, will marry the ha—cheque-book, and repair the fortunes of her house."

Saying which the P.O.S. coldly kisses his daughter on the forehead and ambles off to Jermyn-street, to lose the last fifty pounds lent him by Mudekunk the aforesaid.

Our stage is generally so correct in its portraiture of the upper ten thousand that the fidelity of the character of Lord Fitzbluesangroid will at once be recognised by a discerning public.

The other sort of Comic Old Man is plebeian, rich, vulgar, good-hearted, and self-glorifying. He delights in saying that he once "kep' a shop" (kep', not kept; the mispronunciation *kep'* being a point of character). He is as obtuse as the noble roué on the point of *mésalliance*, but he looks to wealth as the *summum bonum* of human existence; but despite the P.O.P.'s (Plebeian Old Parent's) loud-voiced denunciations of aristocracy, he is at heart a tuft-hunter, and is highly delighted when his son or daughter marries the daughter or son of "that broken-kneed old Peer as hasn't a penny to bless himself with."

Another kind of Comic Old Man is the good-hearted, irascible species, the sort of parent who, when he hears of his son's disobedience, swears by everything above and below that "he will never forgive the rascal—NEVER!" and who, when the prodigal enters with an air of true penitence and a broad black stripe down his lavender-coloured trousers, rushes to him, folds him in his arms, sobs "Jack, Jack, my dear, dear boy!" immediately adopts the daughter-in-law provided for him, who is invariably a brunette in white muslin, and begins to make coarse jokes about prospective grandchildren.

In his choice between patrician and plebeian parents the actor of Old Men is guided by his nose and stomach. If his nose to the Julius Cæsar, Wellington, or Napier patterns, or if his figure be thin, he at once decides for the noble fathers; if the most prominent feature of his face be represented by two nostrils and no bridge to speak of, or if his stomach be of globular formation, he goes over to the hearty vulgarians. No audience would believe in a patrician with a small nose—no audience would tolerate a rich old citizen without plenty of protuberance. The British public is exacting, and refuses credence alike to thin aldermen or to fat dukes.

The actor of Old Men in adopting his line of business exhibits an artistic feeling and self-abnegation of which the Tragedian, Light Comedian, and Low Comedian are incapable. The Tragedian loves to be peered as a *grand homme incompris*—a Manfred, Conrad, or Timon; it is his delight to be a hero and to hear himself utter the poetry written by others as if it were his own immediate inspiration. The Light Comedian loves to dazzle; is fond of the admiration of the opposite sex, whether in box, pit, or gallery; and of taking by storm hearts that the author has arranged to capitulate in the last act. The Low Comedian is a pure egotist, and would run after an imaginary butterfly and hit his nose against a buttress while Constance was bewailing her dead son for the sake of half a chuckle from a wide-mouthed little boy. Not so the Old Man; he dresses in unbecoming clothes, sinks his juvenility, assumes dotage, is made the scold of the audience, is befooled by his own niece, ward, or daughter, bamboozled by impecunious captains on no pay, ridiculed by the low-

comedy footman and smart *soubrette*, bullied by his wife, and treated as a butt by the whole *dramatis personæ*.

Some actors are born to play Old Men, some achieve Old Men, and others have Old Men thrust upon them. Many of our best artists have started by assuming baldheaded wigs and speckled false heads of hair at the age of nineteen or twenty. Others are spoiled Tragedians; Light Comedians run to too much flesh; and Low Comedians, whose age was marked upon their faces in such indelible wrinkles that not flaxen curls nor starched lay-down collar could make them look like country boys "just coom fra' Tadcaster to have a look at Lunnun." The rest are made what they are by the same resistless power that makes or mars all actors not gifted with large fortune or titled friends—the power of accident.

On some occasion Sir Terrible Tempest, or Farmer Oilcake, or Lawyer Linkemhard is taken ill or run over by a butcher's cart, or is called away suddenly. The Prompter rushes to the Stage-manager, "Doddleton can't act to-night!"

Off rushes the Stage-manager to the Manager, "Doddleton can't act to-night!"

"What's to be done? What is he in for? (i.e., what parts does he play?)"

"Sir Plantagenet Paddockitten in the first piece, Dr. Buzfuz in the second, and Old Gripssiller in the farce," answers the Stage-manager.

"Fearful pills! Who can get through 'em? Who's out of the pieces?"

"Nobody but —," replies the Stage-manager.

"Nobody but —," echoes the Prompter.

"But —," re-echoes the Manager.

There is a short pause, after which the three deliver themselves simultaneously of the word,

"Saddellott!"

Saddellott is a young actor, who plays small parts for a salary even smaller than the parts he plays. In any case of difficulty he is the man for whom the Manager always sends. "Arthur," once said the Manager's wife to her spirited and enterprising partner, "I've broken my tooth."

"Send for Saddellott," replied the *distract* director.

"Arthur," said the manageress, "I'm afraid Baby is sickening of the measles."

"Send for Saddellott—I mean for the doctor," was the answer.

"The Ministry are defeated and have resigned," said a politician to the "spirited and enterprising." "Who will they send for to make up a Cabinet?"

"Saddellott—I mean—what the deuce do I care?" said the Manager.

Saddellott is sent for at about four o'clock p.m., takes the parts, which, added together, amount to one thousand one hundred and thirty-four lines. He plays them the same night—the performances commence at seven—and makes a hit. The Old Man is evidently the line of business for which Saddellott was invented!

The absentee Doddleton not returning, the Manager asks Saddellott into his room.

"Saddellott, my boy," says the spirited one, "I'll be the making of your fortune; from this time forward you are the first Old Man in this theatre, and I'll put up Grandfather Whitehead for you on Friday week. Most managers would think that the chance would be sufficient without any increase of salary; but that's not my way; it never was Jack Robham's way; if it had, I should have been a better man by some hundreds; but from next Saturday your salary will be raised five bob a week."

And the Manager shakes Saddellott by the hand "with effusion," meaning by that accolade, "Don't let your prospects dazzle you, my boy; and don't spend the five shillings all at once." And Saddellott departs with old men thrust upon him, thinking what a kind-hearted fellow the Manager is, and entirely forgetting that that acute person has saved Doddleton's entire salary.

The Old Man is generally married, and divides his time and attention between a numerous family requiring constant refreshments, and numerous wigs requiring unceasing brushing, dressing, and powdering. He is very fond of his wig, and, in his own mind, attaches an age to each. With such a wig on he looks fifty, with another sixty, with another seventy, &c. He is a great collector of buckles—paste, steel, and copper; has a snuffbox that belonged to Fawcett, and a gold-headed cane formerly the property of Downton. When unmarried, he is the cleanest, primmest, and precise of bachelors; the terror of landlords and landladies, who are revenged by the Light Comedian, who is usually a roving blade, and who borrows the Old Man's pins and paint, puts his neatly-arranged dressing-case into confusion, and—crowning climax—loses a stone out of his favourite paste buckles.

One trait in his character is peculiarly untheatrical. In a provincial theatre he is the only man who saves money. How he manages to do it is one of those secrets unknown to everybody—even to himself.

T. W. R.

## THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

FIVE A.M.—OVERWORKED.

THERE was once a young lady who had read "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and whose ambition it was to wed a literary man (as Lady Geraldine did), even if she made love to him herself (as Lady Geraldine did). One time she went to an evening party, and was introduced to a youthful man of letters who somewhat resembled Nicholas Nickleby, and who greatly interested her, especially as she knew he was poor. That night—or rather morning, for she was so painfully fascinated by the converse of the young bard (*he was a poet*) that she stayed until daybreak in spite of the remonstrances of her brother—she went to bed thinking of Lady Geraldine—

Have you such superfluous honour, Sir, that, able to confer it, You can come down, Mr. Bertram, as my guest, to Wycombe Hall? and had a dream of the young man, exhausted, in a lonely attic of the metropolis.

It was a dream of a model young man, in a model garret. His outer attire was neat, well cut, and somewhat "peggy;" his linen perfect, but, to be exact, a doubt crossed the dreamer's mind about the collar. Considering Mr. Bertram's poverty, might it not be paper? His features were Norman; his brow like Verulam's; his cheeks pallid and sunken; his hair damp and falling over. There was one rung off the chair; one patch on the quilt; one plate and one bottle on the one shelf. The plaster of the wall was cracking off.

On the table, at the side of the desk on which Mr. Bertram had been writing, was a small box like a workbox (it is hard for a young lady to dream of a room without a little box in it), and on the box were four books in fine preservation. On the top of the books was a flat candlestick, in which was a dip burnt half way down. On the wall hung a watch. In the inkstand (let into the desk) were two quill-pens, sticking up mathematically. Steel-pen in hand, Mr. Bertram had fallen fast asleep, face on the paper. Outside, the morning was mounting fair over a church spire, two factory chimneys, three other chimneys, and the house-tops on the other side of the street. White, and cool, and strong the light bore down through the twelve-paned window upon the brow of Mr. Bertram, and did not wake him. He was overworked. Poor fellow! The printer's devil had actually carried off every scrap of MS. in his room he could lay his hands upon.

When, upon his last call, at about midnight, Mr. Bertram had told him there was no more "copy" ready, the inexorable lad had (in obedience to orders) made a rush at the "litter" of the apartment, and, saying he must have something, borne away a hundred Orphic fragments that lay higgledy-piggledy all over the place. So that the room the young lady saw in her dream, though the apartment of a man of letters, had no litter about it! In his effort to make more copy Mr. Bertram had succumbed and slept. It was five in the morning. In less than two hours the milk will be down below and wake him. Ah! if she could but get hold of the letter (to herself she feels sure, and containing a poem) which lies upon the table.

But I sincerely hope this young lady will never marry a man of letters, for that dream of hers convinces me she could not make him happy. Her conception of a study is such that I feel she would put my room to rights, if she married (for instance) me.

Now, my room contains three hundred volumes and three thousand sheets of paper, all superposed in an order which I know very well myself, but which I could never explain to the most intelligent partner. Dislocate the strata, and I go mad! There was once a young lady who squinted. She had been engaged seven years. On the eve of her marriage she underwent the operation for *strabismus*, her eyes were straightened; but what was the consequence? The young man no longer recognised the tender glance he had been accustomed to, and gave her up. Now, a man of letters knows how to deal with his books and papers so long as they (so to speak) squint; but if his wife performs the operation for *strabismus* on his apartment, he is lost.

But there is another remark to be made; the young lady who dreamt that dream does not seem to understand the nature of a literary man's fatigue. Overwork of the brain never sent me to sleep in all my life. It has kept me awake, though; and a great deal worse than that. There is a dreadful thing happens to men who overwork their brains, which outsiders, and especially women, do not understand. I refer to a temporary loss of will—a paralytic stroke that falls on the directing power of the intellect. The poor brain won't bite at a subject to which it is turned, although the wretched man to whom the brain belongs feels that he quite understands the subject. The sensation which accompanies this paralysis is my notion of what goes before madness. What I want at such times is sleep; but sleep will not come unless it is forced. Not through bodily exertion pushed to fatigue? No; certainly not. Besides, exhaustion of nervous power is exhaustion; and there is no force ready to be turned on for walking, or talking, or dumb-bells, or fencing. The poor wretch is used up for a time.

Dear Madam, the literary life is one of great excitement. Now, constant excitement, whether through wine, or the passions, or the imagination, tends to relax the nerves of voluntary action. You must very often, then, consider your poor husband as a sick man. Remember, he is not like a shopkeeper or handicraftsman. He gets his living by using the very instrument through which all his sensations come to him—his brain. If anybody vexes him (i.e., disturbs his brain) it is just as if the right hand of an artisan were wounded. I assure you, his worst exhaustion is not of the kind that prompts to sleep, though sleep is the cure for it. "Then I will beguile his mind with my chat-chat." You'd better not, ma'am! "Play to him, sing to him!" That is a better idea. But, on the whole, what he wants at those unspeakably dreadful times is that you should—let him alone. Treat him as if he were non-existent until he has had some sleep. That is your course.

It is popularly supposed that talent of any kind can be reeled off like thread from a bobbin, or turned on like water from a tap, at will, so long as the usual signs of bodily fatigue are wanting. I have now assured you, dear Madam, that that is an entire mistake; that your husband may have the full consciousness of fair capacity and a clear intelligence of what he likes to do, and yet be paralytically unable to do it. When he is in that condition he has been over-worked, and, though he may not and will not present the appearance of Mr. Bertram, in the young lady's dream, but will probably look very well, he is a most proper object of a woman's compassion, whether the hour be 5 A.M. or 5 P.M. W. B. R.

FIVE P.M.—ROTTEN ROW.

It has been proved by actual experiment that to achieve the absolute perfection of female beauty the united charms of one hundred of the finest creatures in the world are required—their selected superlatives being condensed into one unrivalled result. When blue dahlias abound in our front gardens, or (to use a more homely and essentially feminine prophecy) when tom cats of tortoiseshell outnumber those of tabby or black, then, and not until then, shall faultless beauty in woman rejoice the eyes of men. There are, of course, no ugly women; but still even the most poetic and grateful worshipper must admit that some are prettier than others, or, to indulge in a trite comparison, wholesale loveliness does not run as even as peas in a sack.

That he might sculpture a perfect Venus, the imaginative Phidias caused to be gathered together (Pericles being agreeable) a flock of the most fascinating darlings in Greece, and from their multitudinous gifts he concocted a goddess. Like unto one walking in a choice garden, and gathering from the flowers around none but the sweetest blossoms, so did the high-art Phidias, in his paradise of loveliness, cull from his blooming models none but the rarest of nature's tid-bits. From Niobe he stole an eyelid and from Lassandra he plucked a sidelock, whilst the little finger of Tutia rejoiced his heart, and he breathed inspiration from Celma's dimple. Thus was Nature's dissected puzzle of beauty put together and the hundred fragments harmoniously jointed. But, alas! when the overwhelming perfection before which men were to bow down was ready for their adoration, the benighted heathens mingled groans with their prayers to think that the wives of the world, so tender and true, should be surpassed in beauty by an image of marble, so cold and hard.

These sculptors do great mischief. They certainly elevate the taste and educate the eye; but what, I will ask, is the use of making mankind discontented with the beauty they possess by instructing them in loveliness which never can be met with? As well might a Lombard-street banker endeavour to elevate the tastes of parish paupers by lecturing on the delights of turtle dinners. There is really something exquisitely spiteful in the very idea of instructing the world too highly in such art-revelations, for it only tends to expose the defects of many a fair one who, until then, may have passed for perfection. Imagine the feelings of Rudolph, who, after adoring the soft voice of his sweet Janet, and basking in the calm light of her eyes, is suddenly awakened by a high-art lecture, and discovers that his darling's proportions are unworthy of his instructed affections. Because gentle Kate hath a clumsy ankle, is she never to be loved? Is dear Maria to die a withered spinster because a "six" glove is too small for her "seven-and-a-half" hand? Certainly not.

What a mercy, what a comfort it is, that it has been permitted to man to love according to his own tastes and in despite of the art-rules of the academics! The plainest woman that for many centuries has startled civilisation was the late M<sup>rs</sup>. Julia Patrastra, a lady so unfortunately ill-favoured, that for the small charge of one shilling she comforted the entire female sex; for as the visitor, however uninteresting, stood beside the black phenomenon the comparison of charms was full of consolation to the pale face. That undoubtedly plain lady did more good in her day than the Venus of Phidias has worked in ages. Instead of causing jealousy, she shed happiness around her. Whenever a poor wife observed, or what is the same thing, fancied she observed, that the tenderness of her lord had abated; or if she caught him gazing too eagerly on the attractions of complete strangers, she could speedily cure him of his gallivanting propensities and chastise his wicked spirit by coaxing him into a visit to the afflicted Julia. On beholding the extraordinarily repulsive features of the hirsute shilling's worth, even the most wandering love returned affrighted to its legitimate bosom-home. Many were the silent prayers of thankfulness offered up by penitent deceivers that fate had spared them the infliction of a charmer encumbered with the unnatural whisker; and so grandly did they rejoice in the blessings of a pink-skinned blide, that many a subdued inconstant, in gratitude for his marital lot, would, on leaving, tenderly embrace his wife in the outer passage, and, with impressive gallantry, insist on a peace-offering of strawberries and cream at Grange's, hard by.

Julia is dead, and, if report speaks truly, she has since been stuffed and re-exhibited. For the good she wrought she met with a womanly reward—she was, in spite of her face, married. High-art rules could not condemn her to die unwedded. If her countenance repelled, even unto the scaring of crows, her figure was perfect and attracted admiration. Costumed in a pleasant ballet toilet of sky-blue satin, she controlled her proudest with the consummate grace of a Carlotta Grisi. The young man who took the checks at the door became madly enamoured of her Cachaça. Interesting and handsome, his advances met with a modest response, and Julia, overcome by emotion, muttered the fatal "If you please."





POLISH INSURGENTS UNDER LAMBROWSKI CAPTURING A RUSSIAN CANNON NEAR GROUPE N. — FROM A SKETCH BY W. J. A. L. V. R.





FIVE O'CLOCK A.M.: OVERWORKED.

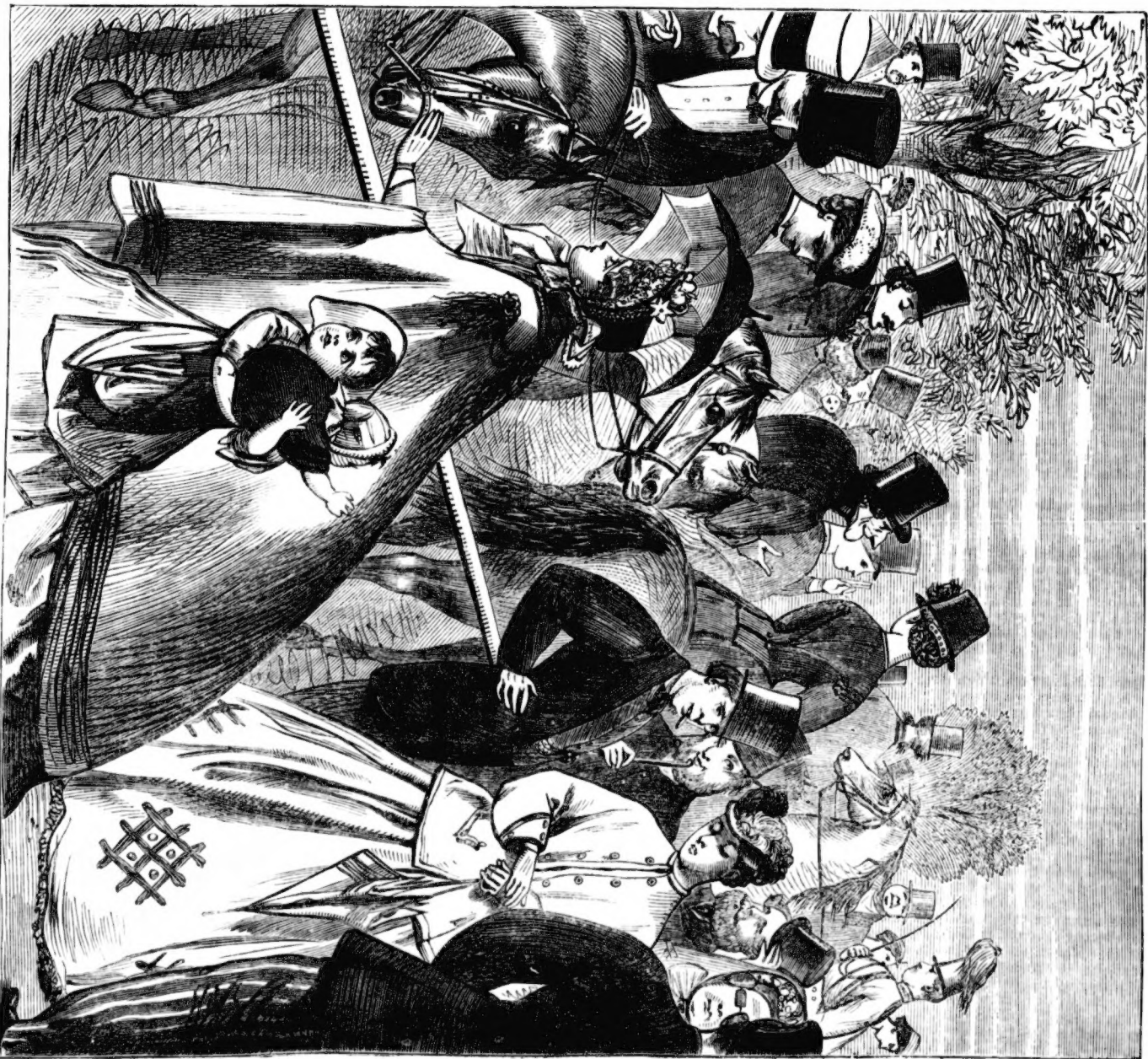
I have now lying before me a testimonial which, unsolicited, was sent to the good Pastarna by a grateful wife. I shall print it in full.

"I had for months been suffering from a disordered establishment, originally caused by a severe fall out with my husband, which, at the time independent I thought nothing of, declining to follow any advice for the recovery of his affections. I regret to state that Mr. Perky neglecting the usual remedies for a bruised spirit, I indulged in airs which ultimately produced a coldness, and, before long, led to alarming symptoms of great northwestern and threatened violent eruptions of boils. Terrible to say, I was given up by my own faculties. For nights and nights I was determined that Mr. Perky should not enjoy the blessings of my sleep. My appetite, when he was present, entirely failed me. The moment I caught his eye my looks betrayed exasperating torments. These attacks were certainly aggravated by wrong treatment, and were succeeded by a violent thirst for revenge; so that Mr. Perky, in the vain hope of checking my obstinate complaints, administered doses of remarks extremely bitter and most

difficult to swallow. Eventually finding that nothing afforded me relief, I sought other advice, calling in a lady enjoying a most extensive practice of interfering in other persons' affairs. On hearing my case she instantly suggested that Mr. Perky should undergo your love-cure process, insisting on a visit to your admirable establishment and a trial of your electrical effects. The first visit acted like my charms. I was nearly restored to my former position. A second seance gave me such strength I could sit up and dictate my own terms. A third completed the recovery of all my power, and I am now, thanks to you, able to walk every day as far as Lewis and Allenby's without experiencing the least difficulty in settling the bill. Yours, ever grateful

"THURSA PERKY"

Had it been permitted unto the enthusiastic Phidias to have flourished in the present day, and had the honour of his acquaintance and showing him about London been vouchsafed unto me, I fancy I could have indulged him in a finer display of female loveliness than any assortment which the art-commissioners of Pericles were able to select. The fair maids of modern



FIVE O'CLOCK P.M.: ROTTEN-ROW.

Athens, although Byron yielded to the fascinations of one of them in three short stanzas, do not give evidence of the beauty of the ancient race; either to-day has sadly fallen off, or olden time was not worth looking at. The sublime features which adorned the statuary of ancient Rome may yet be commonly seen, unwashed but beautiful in the Eternal City. But the Hellenes of the eighteenth century bear no resemblance to the marble records of their comely ancestors. I was once present at a meeting which was attended by many Greek ladies of fashion celebrated in their native land for their fascinations, but I must confess I could gaze on them and draw my breath with Quaker-like serenity. The countenances were too Eastern for my palpitations. The almond-and-ruin effect of the eyes and complexion did not fascinate my emotions so luxuriously as the peach-and-cherry delights of English cheeks and lips. My heart was as calm as a sleeping dove, not even one flutter disturbing its rest, and I had no occasion to solicit in impassioned rhymes the return of my useful vital pump. If the selected fair ones that inspired

the labours of Phidias were not more overwhelming than the belles of the Hellenic meeting, I with omniscience assert that I could within the limits of a shilling cab fare have shown unto the immortal sculptor a thousand beauties a thousand times more beautiful than the selected models for his Venus by merely ordering the driver to proceed slowly up Regent-street.

But, above all, I would have taken him on a bright afternoon, in the spring time of the year, to that delightful exercising-ground where the delicate ones canter over the soft earth in search of admiration and an appetite for dinner: that wonderful mile of beauty with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, christened, by some inexplicable absurdity, Rotten-row. There I would have requested my Phidias (though I do not speak his language fluently) to lean over the wooden rails and command his feelings. There I would have watched his expressive features as he platonised on the beautiful. How many of such amazing Amazons would have sufficed for his next Venus? One hundred? He could have sculptured every goddess in Olympus with half the number.



If it is decidedly a very delicious indulgence to take a penny chair and enjoy the marvels of human perfection at the exhibition of Rotten-row, I delight in the sight of those proud, silly horses submitting, despite their show of strength and the defiant archness of their necks, to be held in command by a little fist scarce large enough to hold a pigeon's egg. I contemplate the horsemen and horsewomen carolling along so easily, and I devoutly wish I had ten thousand a year, and might join the pleasant company and amble over the noiseless ride, chatting with the fairest. Even the grooms that follow behind their fair mistresses at such useless distances I feel jealous of, and spitefully inveigh against their plaster-of-paris legs—those singular tightly-fitted thighs, which ought to burst with a loud report and shrivel up, bladder-like. There are moments when I attempt to value the dancing, prancing steeds—prizing the bay and the chestnut at hundreds, and not dear at the price. A fair creature, facing the breeze, glides past with pink cheeks, little thinking that half a yard of rippling hair is floating over her shoulders. The long habits flap and crackle, the horses snort and send spray into my face, the voices chirp and chatter, and ride away.

I am glad to say that I am not by any means alone as I lean over the rails. Whether it is that they can't or won't ride, I know not; but I find myself surrounded by groups of exquisites, who, to judge by their outward appearance, must be the greatest dandies in London. For once in a day, I see gentlemen dressed in the exact similitude of the emblazoned cartoons in the *Monthly Magazine of Fashion*. I had always, previously, understood those pictorial prodigies to be gross caricatures of, and libels on, at least the male portion of the fashionable world. But I find that I am mistaken. Such pegtop trousers! such astounding waistcoat patterns! such lofty heels to the varnished boots! such Brobdingnagian moustaches and whiskers! such ponderous watchchains, bearing masses of coins and trinkets! such bewildering varieties of starched, choking all-round collars! such breezy neckties and alarming scarfs! Ladies, too—real ladies—promenade in an amplitude of crinoline difficult to imagine and impossible to describe; some of them with stalwart footmen following them, whose looks beam forth conscious pride at the superlative toilets of their distinguished proprietresses; some escorted by their bearded beaux. Little foot-pages; swells walking three, sometimes four, abreast; gamboling children; severe duennas; wicked old bucks, splendidly attired, leering furtively under the bonnets—what a scene of more than "Arabian Nights" delight and gaiety! And the green trees wave around, around, around; and the birds are on the boughs; and the blessed sun is in the heavens, and rains gold upon the beautiful Danes, who prance and amble, canter and career, on their graceful steeds throughout the length of Rotten-row.

The Danes! the Amazons! the lady cavaliers! the horsewomen! can any scene in the world equal Rotten-row at five in the afternoon, and in the full tide of the season? Bois de Boulogne, Course at Calcutta, Caccino at Florence, Prado at Madrid, Almeida at Constantinople—I defy you all! Rotten-row is a very Peri's garden for beautiful women on horseback. The Cliff at Brighton offers, to be sure, just as entrancing a sight towards the end of December; but what is Brighton, after all, but London-super-Mare? The sage Titmarsh has so christened it; and the beauties of Rotten-row are transplanted annually to the vicinity of the Chain-pier and Brill's baths. Watch the sylphides as they fly or float past in their ravishing riding-habits and intoxicatingly delightful hats; some with the orthodox cylindrical beaver, with the flowing veil; others with roughish little wideawakes, or pertly cocked cavaliers' hats and green plumes. And as the joyous cavalcade streams past (I count the male riders absolutely for nothing, and do not deem them worthy of mention, though there may be Marquises among them), from time to time the naughty wind will flutter the skirt of a habit, and display a tiny, coquettish, brilliant little boot, with a military heel, and tightly strapped over it the Amazonian riding-trouser.

Only from time to time, while you gaze upon these fair young daughters of the aristocracy disporting themselves on their fleet couriers, you may chance to have with you a grim town Diogenes, who has left his tub for an airing in the park; and who, pointing with the finger of a hard buckskin glove towards the graceful *écuyères*, will say: "Those are not all Countesses or Earls' daughters, my son. See on the bay, yonder, is Lais. Yonder goes Aspasia, with Jack Alcibiades on his black mare Timon: see, they have stopped at the end of the ride to talk to Phryne in her brougham. Some of those dashing delightful creatures have covered themselves with shame, and their mothers with grief, and have brought their fathers' grey hair with sorrow to the grave. All is not gold that glitters, my son."

#### OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE distribution of characters in the performance of "Faust," at Her Majesty's Theatre, has during the past fortnight undergone considerable modification. The engagement of Signor Marchesi having come to an end, the *troupe* was deficient in the important character of Mephistopheles. An admirable representative, however, was found in the person of Mr. Santley, who, after having raised the subordinate character of Valentine to the very foremost place in the opera, did not hesitate to undertake the still more arduous character of Mephistopheles. The part (cheerfully accepted at once) was of necessity hastily studied; but, nevertheless, at the very first representation our accomplished baritone sang the music better than it has ever yet been sung in England. The *testitura* of the part is rather too low to display Mr. Santley's voice to the fullest advantage; but the English singer, unlike M. Faure, who was compelled to make frequent alterations to suit the exigencies of his voice, sang every bar of his part exactly as it is written. It is true that the quality of his voice is scarcely sufficiently *mordant*—to quote a Gallicism for which we have no exact equivalent—to give keen expression to Mephistopheles' sarcastic strains; but, on the other hand, all the cantabile passages allotted to the archtempter gain greatly from Mr. Santley's admirable phrasing. The part of Valentine has been assigned to Mr. Lyall, who has evidently modelled his impersonation with the strictest care upon that of his predecessor, and who gives as much effect to the dying scene as his limited physical means permit. On one or two occasions when Mr. Sims Reeves has been incapacitated by hoarseness from appearing, Mr. Swift has undertaken the character of the hero, but, as usual, he failed to do justice to his splendid voice. To-night will take place the last of a series of unexceptionable performances, which are entitled to the highest praise, and the success of which affords another proof of the strong hold which "Faust" has taken of the affections of the English public.

The Pyne and Harrison reign over composers, librettists, and singers is fast drawing to a close. Both manager and managers have announced their farewell benefits, on which occasions "The Crown Diamonds," "Martha," and "The Beggar's Opera" are to be revived. Meanwhile, Mr. Macfarren's "She Stoops to Conquer" is repeated nightly, and continues to interest, if it fails to fascinate, all intelligent hearers. The lessons to be deduced from the notoriously unsuccessful attempt of the present management of Covent Garden to establish an English opera-house, we shall, out of merely decent respect to the accomplished and amiable lady who, with her commercial partner, has "had losses" by her venture, reserve until the conclusion of the season.

In the mean time the Monday Popular Concerts retain all their interest and all their attractiveness. Without the adventitious aid of "stars," whose doubtful magnitude is the greater in proportion as they are unknown, these concerts are supported by a small number of thoroughly conscientious artists, whose ability is entirely unquestioned. The director appears to be guided by the one simple rule of engaging the ablest available executants. The connoisseur may always rely upon hearing the highest order of music performed in the most admirable manner at these concerts, and so it has come to be a regular habit with amateurs to seize every opportunity of spending their Monday evenings at St. James's Hall. They need not take the trouble to inquire who are the special attractions of the concert, for they may be sure that they

will find their time well occupied. On Monday last pianoforte-players were specially interested, for Mme. Arabella Goddard, the most faultless of living executants, delighted her hearers with a delicious performance of the three graceful and poetical sketches by Professor Sterndale Bennett, entitled "The Lane," "The Mill-stream," and "The Fountain." She was also joined by MM. Vieuxtemps and Paque in Mendelssohn's well-known trio in C minor, and the Belgian violinist astonished the audience by his really wonderful execution of a prelude and fugue of his own composition, framed on the model of those by Sebastian Bach which Herr Joachim succeeded last year in almost popularising. At the preceding concert M. Vieuxtemps introduced a duet sonata, from his own pen, for violin and piano, which, with all due deference to the violinist's acknowledged ability, we cannot but think unworthy of its companions of the evening. Chief among these was a glorious setet in B flat for string quartet and two horns, by Mozart, to which the composer gave the title of "divertimento." "It is a long and well-developed composition," writes a contemporary, "with more force than elegance," "built upon a plan so identical with that of the septet of Beethoven as to encourage a notion that Beethoven deliberately took his cue (!) from Mozart in this as in other instances during the earlier period of a singularly productive career." The adagio, in which, strangely enough, the brass instruments are quite unemployed, is exquisitely beautiful, and has been encored with enthusiasm on both the occasions on which the work has been given. To the vocal portion of the concert—ordinarily subordinate to the instrumental—more than usual prominence has of late been given, owing to the repeated engagement of Mr. Santley; and Mr. Benedict has, of course, officiated as conductor, with his customary tact and skill.

The evergreen PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY opened their fifty-second season on Monday night with a performance arranged with the special object of doing honour to Rossini, who, on the 29th of February, celebrated his eighteenth birthday and completed the seventy-second year of his age. Both the overtures of the evening—"Semiramide" and "Le Siège de Corinthe"—and all the vocal pieces were chosen to illustrate the Italian master. Mme. Parepa exhibited the metallic power and inexpressive flexibility of her voice in the cavatinas from "Zelmira" and "La Gazza Ladra," and was assisted (!) by Mr. Wilbye Cooper in the duet from "Guillaume Tell." The gentleman also attempted the tenor air, "Cujus animam," from the "Stabat," but the orchestral accompaniments overpowered his voice. Rossini was, of course, not fully represented by these unimportant selections; but it was difficult for an orchestral society to celebrate adequately a composer who has written neither concerto nor symphony, and the directors of the Philharmonic might just as well have allowed the birthday of the great operatic composer of the century to pass unnoticed by them. Indirect honour was, however, done to the "Swan of Pesaro" by the choice of a symphony by his illustrious compatriot Cherubini. The symphony, although written expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and the only composition of the kind by the author of "Anacreon," has never been repeated since its first performance, some forty years ago. It is a thoroughly masterly work, and well deserves an occasional hearing. The other symphony was Beethoven's in D, which can never be listened to without delight, even after two hours of music. Why will the Philharmonic committee send their patrons home tired and depressed with a surfeit of not easily digested food? One symphony and one instrumental solo are surely enough to satisfy the appetite of any reasonable amateur for one evening. But at these concerts we have two of each, besides two overtures and four vocal pieces. We could well have spared Mr. Crozier's oboe solo, well played though it was; but we must confess we would not have missed Mme. Arabella Goddard's magnificent performance of Mozart's glorious concerto in D minor—one of the very finest of his works, although, as we learn from one of his father's letters, the precise meaning of which seems to have escaped the contemporary who quoted it, the work was written in such haste that the composer had not time to play through the rondo before his first performance of it in public.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Martin repeated the "Elijah," the principal vocal parts in which were sustained, as on the previous occasion, by Mme. Rudersdorf, Miss Emma Heywood, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Sims Reeves, the last mentioned of whom was in superb voice, and excited the audience to extraordinary enthusiasm by his singing of the second tenor air. On the same evening the students of the Royal Academy gave a private chamber concert, the chief features of which were a sonata by Mackenzie and a quintet by Mr. Walstein.

#### THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, having seen the pantomime at the Princess's, commanded a repetition of its performance on Saturday evening last, and not only assisted at its representation himself, but honoured the lucky lessee with the presence of the Princess of Wales and of several of his little Royal brothers. The Princess, while at the Princess's, kept herself carefully concealed behind that tantalising private-box curtain, so loved of celebrities and so disappointing to curious gazers. The general audience could hardly catch a glimpse of her. I was more fortunate, and had ample opportunity for remarking the hideous injustice done to the Royal lady by the photographs we see stuck in the shop-windows. The sun is said to be no flatterer; in the case of the Princess of Wales he is a gross libeller. On Saturday last her Royal Highness looked lovely—I use the word advisedly—and, with such a consort, it was no marvel to see the Prince still *aux petits soins*. It was pleasant to see him pay her all the attentions of a devoted and enamoured lover. For the smaller Princes, they enjoyed themselves as only little Princes, while they are little, can. Etiquette is a good thing, but enjoyment is a better; and mutual affection is best, "most best," as Hamlet writes in his love-letter to Ophelia. The "Comedy of Errors" is a play seldom acted, partly because it is difficult to find a brace of pairs of men closely resembling each other, and partly because it is not a fine play for "Divine Williams." The occasion of its production at the Princess's was, I believe, less because it was Shakespearean than on account of the provincial popularity of the brothers Webb, two gentlemen of sufficiently dissimilar appearance in private life for brothers; but who, as the Dromios, with the aid of the footlights, false hair, and other dramatic illusions, have so terrible a resemblance that, as the song says, "both is so like t'other you cannot tell neither from which." Mr. Henry Webb, the lessee of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, has long been known as an admirable Shakespearean and general comedian that his success will not be a matter of surprise to himself or to his friends. His brother, the other Mr. Webb and Dromio, being the exact counterpart of the lessee of the Queen's-theatre Mr. Webb (I have really no other means of separating their identities), must be, of course, equally talented. So exact is their resemblance, so striking the similarity of voice, feature, gait, attitude, and angular gesticulation, that the auditors were fairly puzzled. Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus were personated by Mr. George Vining and Mr. John Nelson, and though it was certainly possible to know one from the other, yet their apparent twindom was so great that at each entrance a puzzled public inquired of each other which was which. The curtain did not descend during the play—an excellent arrangement, for the incidents, comic though they be, would become wearisome from their repetition. As it was, everything went off well, the audience were pleased, the Royal party were pleased, and I am sure that the Antipholuses and the Dromios must have been delighted with the very cordial reception they met with from a crowded house. I must not forget to mention some very charming scenery, painted expressly for the revival.

THE IRISH "NATIONALISTS"—The O'Donoghue and his friends, foiled in their attempt to induce a public meeting in Dublin to insult the memory of the Prince Consort, held a hole-and-corner one for the purpose on Monday. There was an immense crowd outside, but none were admitted who did not satisfy the appointed scrutineers that they would say ditto to The O'Donoghue. About 500 persons passed this ordeal, and the meeting thus comfortably packed gladdened the hearts of the disloyal promoters by passing unanimously all the resolutions that were brought before them.

#### THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

The eighth exhibition of this admirable society is now open at the Gallery, 48, Pall-mall, and is one which will well repay a visit.

We must confess to having in anticipation feared a direful contest between our gallantry and our critical honesty. But, truth to tell, there is far less to find fault with than we had expected, and we hasten to express our pleasure at having been so agreeably disappointed. The proportion of good pictures to bad is large, and the collection, as a whole, is full of promise for the progress of art among female artists.

The collection is not a large one, and does not therefore weary the eye, which has time and rest enough to do justice to the pictures. But—since the Briton has an unextinguishable desire to get enough for his money—quality compensates for quantity, and there are some things in the gallery that we would not miss on any account. Take, for instance, Rosa Bonheur's little picture of a "Hen and Chicks" (203). Nor to have seen the pert assumption of the small chick in the corner, who is drinking, and throws his head well back like an alderman tasting wine at the docks, would be to have missed a representation of animal character that will afford us many a mental chuckle. There certainly never was such a precocious bird! And then his brothers and sisters are all equally pleasant to know. As for the fluffy, hen herself, she is a charming picture of maternity troubled with a large and hungry family.

Next to "Mme. Peyrol, née Bonheur," we recall Miss Louise Rayner, one of the largest contributors to the gallery. About her painting there is a boldness and truthfulness very delightful to study, and with these a mastery of a variety of subjects not often to be met with. Her figures are as good as her landscapes and architecture. Her "Market Day at Chippenham" (27) is full of bustle and animation, while the old buildings in her "Street in Salisbury" (38) are most praiseworthy in realisation. "Leith Harbour" (47) and "Wells Cathedral" (55) cannot fail to arrest the spectator's eye; and "The View of Bristol" (76), a most vivid picture of the quaint old city, is sure to command a long and delighted inspection. "The Porch of Lichfield Cathedral" (77) and "Steep-street, Bristol" (132) are both fine, and so is "Haddon Hall" (124); but our special praise is for the "Gallery at Knowle" (200), which is a capital and effective bit of perspective. There are also some very nice paintings by the same artist on the screens; but we feel that we need not point them out, for the visitor will be sure not to go until he has found and admired every one of the thirteen subjects, which append such a long row of figures to Miss Louise Rayner's name. We shall expect to meet again with such unmistakable talent elsewhere than on the society's walls.

Miss Agnes Bouvier sends some pictures that do no discredit to that well-known name. It is plain enough to see in what school she has studied. "The Nut-brown Maids" (7), "Little Saucebox" (98), and, best of all, "Come in!" (57) are the ones which most please us among her pictures.

Miss Adelaide Burgess's "Beggars" (45) are nicely done—the faces especially—and her fair girl bewailing the fate of "The Broken Lily" is very sweet in expression and colouring.

Miss M. Gillies sends two pictures. In the first, "Romance" (72), we cannot help thinking the attitude slightly affected; but we have nothing but praise for the second, "Desolation" (181), which is excellent in conception as well as execution.

Some of Miss M. Gastineau's paintings—No. 14, for instance—deserve more than a passing glance. Miss E. Turner's "Begonias" (17) are perfect in the rendering of the beautiful, variegated, velvety leaves of that plant.

There are some frames of sketches—No. 26, by Miss G. B. Townsend, and Nos. 34 and 39, by Mrs. Hussey—that are executed with a breadth, boldness, and mastery of effect hardly to be expected of fair fingers. While we are mentioning sketches, we may as well draw attention to a very clever study of a female head (186), by Mrs. Robertson Blaine. It is a dashing little bit of soft colouring that one looks at with a drowsy sense of delight.

The Hon. Maude Stanley has been straying in the beech woods at Alderley, and gives us some studies of autumnal foliage that are very creditable. Nor must we forget to say a word for the reality and atmospheric clearness of Miss Clara Mitchell's Roman sketches—take No. 58 as an example.

A view "On the Thames near Reading" (86), by Miss Warren, is to be noticed for the clever painting of the water; and a view "Near Twickenham" (150), by Miss E. Irvine, is remarkable for the same merit. The foliage is well treated in both.

Mrs. M. L. Oakley has a very lifelike portrait (70), which, without knowing the sitter, we venture to pronounce, on internal evidence, a good likeness. A spire of "Foxgloves" (75) on a breezy hillside, by Mrs. Acworth, is very true to nature. But the "Sandringham Gipsy" (80), by Mrs. Backhouse, is nature itself—brown, saucy, and beautiful. Miss Eliza Martin's "Evangeline" (107) is a fine head, but we are inclined to question the correctness of the lights on the hair.

For Miss Beale's "Rocks near Minehead" (125) what can we say but that they are most carefully portrayed down to the smallest markings? We cannot but acknowledge the minuteness and dexterity with which she has photographed the pebbles and boulders, but the result does not repay the labour to our mind. In a word, she has stippled away the general broad effect.

Miss Swift's "Hetty" (159) is just good enough to make one dissatisfied with it for not being better. The girl's figure is pretty, but the man's is wrong, somehow. Something of the same feeling is inspired by Miss Dickinson's "Horses and Donkey" (160). They are so nearly being very good that we are angry with them for not being better. Her piebalds (171) do not excite the same feeling.

Miss Lefroy, in No. 169, has some very fairly painted deer wandering through the snow; and Mrs. Hemmings exhibits a nice little painting of the quaint old town of "Louth" (163), with its beautiful spire rising in the background.

Miss Swift's "Dutch Fisher-woman Mending Nets" is one of the best bits of character-painting in the gallery. The face is very finely caught. The colouring, moreover, is good.

Mrs. E. Dundas Murray, the secretary of the society, contributes but one picture—but that one makes us wish for more—a bright little view of Baie, with the blue Mediterranean sleeping under the clear sky of Italy.

In No. 187 Mrs. Robertson Blaine gives us a vivid picture of an Eastern caravan halting at a well. This is one of the most striking pictures in the gallery. No. 199, A Syrian scene, by the same lady, is equally deserving of praise.

"The Unruly Pet" (191), Miss Seymour, though a little dull in colouring here and there, is a capital piece of drawing. The hands are very well done, and puss is capitally painted.

In No. 211 we have one of the few humorous pictures in the gallery. Ladies, as a rule, do not see or care for humour, we fancy. But Miss Neumann is an exception to the rule. Her Danish farmer's face is simply glorious for fun. The picture, as a whole, is very real.

In No. 194, "A Schevening widow trying her mourning," Miss Kate Swift has succeeded far better than in her British Institution picture. There are light, atmosphere, and colour here; there is, too, vivacity in the figures, and an air of life about the scene which interests one humanly. On the screens "A Kingfisher" (222), by Miss Dundas, is a clever bit of colour, and Miss Fraser's "Illustrations to Hans Andersen's Tales" (229) are perfect gems of drawing. Some "Fairy Cups" (249) and "Apple Blossoms" (253), by Miss Lane, will also catch the eye. Nor will a wise visitor object to stoop down and make close acquaintance with Mrs. Hemming's "Dog in Harness" (238), who is a fine fellow and deserving of all praise.

We congratulate the ladies on the success of their society, and wish them well. If the promise of this year be hereafter fulfilled, some of the galleries where the sterner sex bear the sway will have to look to it, or be distanced by these Atalantas of art.

THE REVENUE OF THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL IN 1863 was £76,527. The payments to the Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during the year amounted to £46,000.



## LAW AND CRIME.

**CAPTAIN ROBERTSON**, formerly of the 4th Dragoon Guards, came before the Court of Insolvency, at Dublin, upon his application for discharge. The Captain had been in prison for nearly twelve months, in consequence of his objection to apply to the Court for relief. We refer to the case because it may be interesting, for various reasons, to many of our readers, in England as well as elsewhere. It may be remembered that in February, 1862, Captain Robertson was subjected to a somewhat notorious court-martial upon three charges, on two of which he was acquitted. Upon a third he was found guilty, and this was an accusation of having submitted to be publicly and grossly insulted by Colonel Dickson at the Army and Navy Club without having taken legal steps to vindicate his character. On this he was sentenced to be cashiered; but, in consequence of the finding of the Court being clearly not sustainable, the Queen "was graciously pleased not to confirm" such finding, and the Captain was ordered to be "released in compliance with her Majesty's commands." The expenses of the prosecution against him led Captain Robertson into pecuniary difficulties, which resulted in his imprisonment. While in prison his wife died. His counsel, at the hearing, asked the Commissioner for such a judgment as would not prevent her Majesty the Queen, or the Horse Guards, should they be so disposed, placing the applicant in some military or civil employment. The Commissioner expressed his regret that Captain Robertson had not earlier filed his schedule, and added that he was happy to say that the Captain "was discharged without any imputation whatever on his honour or on his character." It is stated that the assets of his estate are sufficient to pay all creditors in full and leave a handsome balance as surplus. [An English assignee has been appointed.]

Two fellows, named Hulbert and Hall, were charged at Marlborough-street with a series of assaults. At a quarter to one on Tuesday morning the two were in Glasshouse-street when two females passed them. To one of these, a young woman, Hulbert addressed some insulting observation. Upon her remonstrating, he knocked her down by a blow on the nose, covering her with blood. A cabinetmaker named Jefferson, who was near, said it was unmanly to strike a woman like that; when Hulbert engaged in a fight with him, knocked him down, and upon his attempting to rise, knocked him down again. The police then came up, when Hall struck an inoffensive bystander named Lucas in the face, for no provocation whatever. The constables took not only the two ruffians but the cabinetmaker into custody. Mr. Tyrwhitt dismissed the operative, but fined Hulbert only £3 and Hall £1. On the same day a rogue was convicted at Worship-street of having robbed a loitering child of 11s. 7d., and was sentenced to three months' hard labour. So that to insult and brutally maltreat, not only an inoffensive woman, but any one who may interfere in her behalf, is only a mere matter for pecuniary mulct, while to steal far less than the amount of a common fine for assault is only to be atoned for by imprisonment, degradation, and toil! When will our magistrates learn that quiet folks have as much right to be rigidly protected in the peaceable, painless possession of their own noses as of the money in their pockets? To read such decisions as these one would really believe that our magistrates must fancy noses of less value than pocket-handkerchiefs.

The Justices of St. Ives, Cornwall, have been distinguishing themselves by the revival of the ancient torture of the stocks, inflicted by them upon three poor boys for playing at marbles on a Sunday. It is reported that the stocks had not been used for thirty years previously to the punishment of these misguided children. We certainly cannot call to mind any modern Act authorising such an infliction, and a reference to the statutes leads us only to an Act of Charles I., ann. 1., cap. i., which prohibits persons from assembling for sport upon Sundays "out of their own parishes," or using unlawful pastimes therein, under a penalty of 3s. 4d. to the poor, such sum to be recoverable by distress; in default of such distress the offender to be punished by three hours in the stocks. This is evidently the statute under which these Cornish "beaks" have acted. If so, they have erred, not only cruelly, but ignorantly; for the statute is expressly levelled against such unlawful pastimes as "bullbaiting, bearbaiting, interludes, and common plays." The restriction of assemblies of people out of their own parishes for sports on Sundays is explained by its being a frequent cause of "bloodshed"—a result which any one can easily conceive as possible enough in those days. But to strain such an obsolete Act as this to the punishment of urchins playing at marbles is utterly disgraceful. There can be but little doubt that the Justices would be liable to heavy damages if sued civilly for compensation for such egregious, stupid cruelty.

A poor woman, aged sixty-three, died at Shore-ditch, from "rupture of the heart, accelerated by want of food, warmth, and clothing," according to the verdict upon the Coroner's inquest. The Coroner said "it was to be regretted that the poor should have such a horror of the workhouse that they would prefer starving to death to entering it." This is a Coroner's view; but that of the parochialists, judging from the whole tendency of their system of relief, must be that it would be more to be regretted if the poor would rather face workhouse life than death by starvation. The whole blame of the matter is at the door of the law, which, for lack of an equalisation of the poor rates, throws the greatest burden of support of the poor upon the parishes least able to bear it, and thereby gives their representatives a direct incentive to keeping the destitute outside the union upon the smallest possible pittance, if any.

## POLICE.

**THE ROOF-SCRAMBLERS**.—George Brooks and John Williams, well-known thieves, were placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych, charged with stealing a quantity of lead from the roof of the Waterloo railway terminus. William Blunden, a journeyman slater in the employ of the contractor for repairs to the South-Western Railway Company, said that on the previous afternoon he was at work with another man on the roof of the station. They left for a few minutes at four, and on witness's return he saw the prisoners at the end. Williams was stooping down, pulling the lead up which was fixed between the roof and the wall to prevent the wet from getting through, while Brooks was standing near him on the look out. Witness immediately called to his mate, and as soon as he made his appearance on the roof the prisoners got down the ladder and attempted to make their escape. He, however, called out to the officers below, and they were secured.

Mr. Woolrych asked if the lead had been entirely torn from the roof?—Witness replied that it was, and nearly half a hundredweight was rolled up ready to carry away. Witness knew nothing of the prisoners, and they had no business on the roof.

Henry Laming, 132 L., said that he was called to the railway station to take the prisoners into custody for stealing the lead produced. When he got Brooks to the station-house he turned upon him in a ruffianly manner, and struck him a violent blow in the face. He also struck the railway constables who assisted to secure him.

Sergeant Wells, 7 L., said he had known Brooks as a thief for many years. He had been tried and convicted at the Surrey Sessions twice for similar offences.

Another officer of the L division said that Williams had been before convicted of lead stealing.

The prisoners, who declined saying anything in their defence, were fully committed for trial.

## CRESSWELL V. JACKSON.

THIS extraordinary will-case, tried at Guildhall, occupied several days, and terminated in a verdict for the defendants, and against the codicils; repounded on behalf of the plaintiffs. The facts of the case may be gathered from the following *resumé*, which we extract from the columns of a contemporary:—

"The subject matter of all this litigation was three papers purporting to be codicils to the will of Mr. George Nuttall, a land-surveyor, of Matlock. The will itself was prepared by Mr. Newbold, a solicitor, and properly executed on the 10th of September, 1854. The testator died in March, 1856; and the disputed codicils were dated, respectively, Oct. 27, 1855; Jan. 6, 1856; and Jan. 12, 1856. The will contained legacies or devises of no great value, to all the testator's friends, including one of the name of Mr. Elise, the real plaintiff in this case, but left the bulk of the real property (worth about £2000 a year) to Mr. John Nuttall, the testator's cousin, who survived him but one month. The effect of the first codicil was, *inter alia*, to give Elise an estate called Bonsall, devised by the will to a Miss Sheldon; that of the second codicil was, *inter alia*, to give other estates to Elise; and that of the third codicil was, *inter alia*, to make Elise residuary devisee in lieu of John Nuttall. One copy of the will had been found in a secret cupboard, known to contain the testator's private papers, immediately after his death; the other was not discovered till after the funeral, when it was taken out of an envelope indorsed 'This is my right will,' and, on examination, proved to contain an interlineation, altering one disposition in favour of Elise, but in a way inconsistent with one of the codicils. As for these, they came to light one after another, in the order of their dates, but at irregular intervals, and through strange channels. The first, which was witnessed by two labourers, Gregory and Buxton, was found, in April or May, 1856, a few days after John Nuttall's death, by Elise himself, who took it to Newbold, the attorney. The second, witnessed by Mr. Adams, a medical man, and Knowles, a farmer, both friends of the deceased, turned up about nine months afterwards, and therefore early in 1857, while Elise was looking over some account-books of the testator at Newbold's, ostensibly for another purpose. The third, witnessed by the same persons, had a more curious history. It was exhumed by Elise, in October, 1857, from a hole in the wall of a left over an old stable behind the testator's house, together with a brown jar and some sovereigns. According to Elise, it was not he who saw it first, but a boy who was assisting him to open the window, beneath the sill of which the treasure was hidden.

"It is now time to review the evidence upon the genuineness of these codicils was maintained and contested. In the first place, it is certain that the testator, who was not surrounded by any relatives, reposed the utmost confidence in Elise, who had been his assistant in a very extensive and varied business for some twenty years, and for whom he had procured several valuable appointments. He did not forget him in the original will, and there was no violent improbability in his afterwards preferring him to all the other legatees, or even to John Nuttall. Newbold was wholly unaware of any change in the will, but Gregory and Buxton swore that they had attested a codicil at some period in 1855, though it is uncertain when; and the counsel for the defendants, John Nuttall's representatives, felt themselves compelled to adopt the supposition of a real codicil, thus attested, for which the first of the spurious codicils had been substituted, under signatures so skillfully forged as to deceive the witnesses themselves. So, again, Adams and Knowles swore to their attestation of the other two codicils; and, though doubts were thrown upon their account of what happened, it could hardly be set aside without implicitly imputing perjury to both. Another point which may be treated as certain is that the testator, a few weeks before his death, used the expression that there would be 'a Nuttall for his successor'—an expression that was differently construed, so as to suit the theory of either side. It further appeared that on his deathbed he manifested a wish to make an alteration in his will, but was too weak to unlock the cupboard or to explain the secret method of opening it to others. Had this wish been expressed earlier it would have been a presumption in favour of the codicils; as it was, it was justly cited by Sergeant Hayes as a strong proof that the testator was not conscious of having already set aside his will by these documents. Still, there was the testimony of Knowles, that the old man, after leaving one copy of the will in his custody some time before, had asked for it back, saying that he wished to make some change in it. According to the plaintiffs, this intention was carried out by the codicils in dispute; according to the defendants, it related only to a certain legacy which had lapsed, and was carried out by the genuine but missing codicil. It must be added that, although none of the witnesses to the disputed codicils said a word about them till they were found by Elise, and gave the most unsatisfactory reasons for their silence, yet Knowles was shown to have hinted more than once that 'something more' might be forthcoming. On the other side are the facts that no one ventured to question the finality of the will till after John Nuttall's death; the enormous improbability of a man so exact and business-like as the testator having planted codicils broadcast about his premises, and stowed one away in a place where no human eye was likely to detect it; the suspicious correspondence between the dates of the codicils, the order of their discovery, and the nature of their contents; and, above all, the very cogent inferences to be drawn from the handwriting.

"We cannot pretend to do justice to this part of the case by any analysis, but it is too material to be passed over. It was alleged by the defendants that the codicils were written in a perfectly different hand from the wills, and contained certain faults of spelling, such as 'hears' for 'heirs,' and 'daughter' for 'daughter,' which the testator was never known to make, but which constantly occurred in other compositions of Elise. It was also alleged that the handwriting of the codicils strongly resembled that of the interlineation already mentioned, and differed from that of the two wills as the strokes of a steel pen differ from those of a quill pen. It was urged, on the other hand, that the handwriting of the codicils was the one flowing, the other formal; that the wills were written generally in the former, the codicils in the latter, but that the initial words of clauses in the wills tallied with the handwriting of the codicils. It was admitted that both the testator and Elise often failed in orthography, but distinctions were drawn between the prevailing character of their blunders; and Mr. Chabot, an expert, who also condemned the supposed signature of Gregory and Buxton as spurious, gave a decided opinion that the transcriber of the wills, already ascertained to be the testator, was not the writer of the codicils. There remained, however, the possible hypothesis that they might have been drawn or copied for the testator by some third person, and upon this hypothesis the counsel for the plaintiff wisely took their stand, though, as the result proved, in vain.

"If the special jury who found for the defendants in 'Cresswell v. Jackson,' after the most patient and exhaustive scrutiny of facts, were called upon to justify their verdict, they would probably have a difficulty in explaining the exact process by which they struck the balance between conflicting probabilities. But they could scarcely have done so at all without placing themselves in the testator's position, and realising what his motives

ought to have been, before ascertaining what his intentions were. This is a moral rather than a legal element; but it is one which could not be excluded, and which, being admitted, will give their award an additional claim to the respect of the public."

## MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH the imports of the precious metals have exceeded £300,000, and although the demand for gold for export purposes continues very inactive—the money market at Paris having become comparatively easy since the late issue of £1,000,000 in notes of 50f. each—all sorts of securities have ruled inactive, and, in some instances, the quietest ones have had a drooping tendency. On so many have been done at 91 to 91½; Reduced and New Three per Cent. 91½; Exchequer Bills, 5s. discount to par. Bank Stock has been 237 to 239.

Indian Stocks, 8s., have moved off slowly; nevertheless, very little change has taken place in prices. India Stock has been 317 to 320; Ditto, New, 101½; Rupee Paper, 105 to 107, and 113 to 115. The Bonds have sold a 2s. to 2½ discount.

Since the reduction in the Bank rate for money to 6 per cent there has been an active inquiry for accommodation both at the Bank of England and in Lombard-street. In the open market, which is well supplied with capital, the lowest rates for paper are as follow:—

Thirty Days' Bills	6	per cent.
Sixty Days' .. .. .	.. .. .	6
Three Months' .. .. .	.. .. .	6
Four Months' .. .. .	.. .. .	6
Six Months' .. .. .	.. .. .	6
One Year .. .. .	.. .. .	6

The Company for India have disposed of £4,000,000 in bills on the various Presidencies at 100 to 101.

The steamers for the West Indies taken out £124,300 in gold.

The following return shows the state of the note circulation in the United Kingdom during the four weeks ending Feb. 6, current year:—

Bank of England .. .. .	£30,698,354
Private Banks .. .. .	3,367,737
Joint-Stock Banks .. .. .	2,987,196
Scotland .. .. .	4,087,428
Ireland .. .. .	5,614,724
<b>Total</b> .. .. .	<b>£43,663,280</b>

Compared with the corresponding period last year, the above return shows a total increase in the circulation of £798,394. The Irish and Scotch banks held £413,051 in specie.

Spain's Securities have ruled firm, and the late advance in prices has been steadily supported. In Mexican Stock, however, a decline has taken place, and the value of most other foreign securities has had a downward tendency. The Confederate Loan is quoted at 42 to 44 ex div. Brazilian Four per Cent. 1850, have realised 87½; Ecuador, 133½; Egypt, 91½ ex div.; Greek, 22½; Mexican Three per Cent. 4½; Portuguese Three per Cent. 4½; Ditto, 1863, 4½; Russian, 100 per Cent. 80 ex div.; Ditto, 1862, 89½; Sicilian Five per Cent. 50½; Spanish Three per Cent. 52½; Ditto, Passive, 34½; Ditto, Certificates, 14½; Turkish Old Six per Cent. 91½; Ditto, 1854, 68½; Ditto, Small, 72½ ex div.; Ditto, 1862, 68½; Ditto, Small, 69½; Venezuelan Three per Cent. 25½; Ditto Six per Cent. 29½; and Italian Five per Cent. 64½.

Most of the Stock Exchanges have ruled firm, and prices have, in some instances, improved. In the value of Union Bank of London Shares an advance of £2 has taken place. Agre and United Service have sold at 123½ ex div.; Alliance, 99½; Ditto, New, 34½; Australia, New, 47½; Bank of Egypt, 26½; Bank of London, 165; Bank of New York, 100; Bank of Spain, 100; Bank of Siam, 100; Bank of India, 100; Bank of China, 100; Bank of Japan, 100; Bank of Persia, 100; Bank of Russia, 100; Bank of Turkey, 100; Bank of Greece, 100; Bank of Portugal, 100; Bank of Prussia, 100; Bank of Austria, 100; Bank of Saxony, 100; Bank of Hanover, 100; Bank of Bremen, 100; Bank of Hamburg, 100; Bank of Frankfurt, 100; Bank of Cologne, 100; Bank of Bonn, 100; Bank of Düsseldorf, 100; Bank of Elberfeld, 100; Bank of Berlin, 100; Bank of Breslau, 100; Bank of Danzig, 100; Bank of Königsberg, 100; Bank of St. Petersburg, 100; Bank of Moscow, 100; Bank of Odessa, 100; Bank of Riga, 100; Bank of Warsaw, 100; Bank of Lemberg, 100; Bank of Krakow, 100; Bank of Poznan, 100; Bank of Gdansk, 100; Bank of Lodz, 100; Bank of Breslau, 100; Bank of Danzig, 100; Bank of Königsberg, 100; Bank of St. Petersburg, 100; 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